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JULY 1975

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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so pure...
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People either ask for Beefeater
or they ask for gin.

INSIDE MACLEAN'S

With his article on page 26 (*Salvage The Score*) for George The Third's 60th birthday, McCall is paying an ancient debt to Madison-McCann.

...many years ago this company plucked a struggling illustrator from Windsor, Ontario, turned him in a secret elite known only to senior personnel, and gave him a job with Canadian Press and Toronto. It was all uphill from there. Canadian Baker, Canadian Jeweller, Explorer.

McCall was born 40 years ago in Sreene, Ont., and like all small-town Canadians boys seeking better's parent age in the early Fifties, he was a car nut. But he turned his obsession into gain. When he left Madison-McCann it was to start a car magazine which would compete with *Time* and *Twelve*. It lasted one issue but the competition was so intense it forced him and he became editor (through attrition) the day after he arrived.

He went into advertising, first heading the Corvair account for a Detroit company, then Mercedes-Benz (and a lot of others) for Ogilvy & Mather in New York. He left there as a vice-president and creative supervisor about 2½ years ago in frustration, as both writer and artist. His first, biggest and most lingering market was the *National Lampoon*, which is the magazine version of the *Saturday Night* (one of the funniest recently sold there 20% interest in the five-year-old *Lampoon* for \$7.5 million).

His work has appeared, is appearing or will appear shortly in *Harper's*, *Playboy*, *Time*, the *New York Times*, *Ottawa*, and, as mentioned, *Explorer*. He lives comfortably in an apartment on Central Park West in New York. He's doing rather well for a country boy who wandered across the border 13 years ago with nothing and moonstruck on his boots.

And one thing that pleases him, though it doesn't surprise him, is that the *Lampoon*, where he is contributing editor and the "outsider closest to the readers," is a much greater per capita success in Canada than in the States. "Canadians," he says, "have a great appetite for satire, a more natural sense of it. Satire is, after all, a kind of underground, subversive humor, praised by people living behind rocks."



"My Maytag has washed for as many as 10 boarders in addition to my family," writes Mrs. McKenna.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JUDITH KAPLAN



From top: Mrs. McKenna, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

"Often over the past seven years, I have done 20 heavy loads in one day."

"My Maytag has stood up beautifully."

"We have a family of five children and two adults, and over the past seven years, we have had as many as 10 boarders at one time," says Mrs. Amy McKenna, Dartmouth, Nova Scotia.

"Most days, my Maytag Washer does six to eight loads. There have been washdays when I would have 20 sheets, several quilts, plus the other clothes that needed washing."

"Despite this hard use, my Maytag just goes on and on. I appreciate your excellent workmanship," concludes Mrs. McKenna.

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MAYTAG
THE DEPENDABILITY PEOPLE

SHOYAMA: A SOCIALIST BECOMES NO. 2 BUREAUCRAT

By Walter Stewart

Every now and then, the Liberal government does something so clearly and perfectly right that it has to be an accident. Take the appointment of Thomas K. Shoyama (above) as Deputy Minister of Finance. He has not been in the job long enough to have made much impact, certainly, therefore, cannot yet tell what Prime Minister Trudeau weighs when he elevated Shoyama, but insiders know. Their understanding is based on some knowledge of the role of our deputy ministers.

The Public Service Employment Act, political textbooks and learned journals are full of information, most of it wrong, about the senior civil service in Canada. There is, for example, the laughable notion that civil servants have nothing to do with politics, the silly idea that they do not set policy, and that merit alone determines the pecking order in Ottawa. This is a good close staff and full of laughs, but it will not help you so undisturbed what actually happens in the national capital. For that you don't need a political science textbook but something closer to the Order of Worship of one of the smoother and more conspicuous churches.

Deputy ministers are high priests, leaders of the chapel of power. It is their job to keep the system running, no matter what bitter struggles rage in the outside world. The MPs meet at a College of Cardinals up on Parliament Hill to decide which district to put in the affidavit of the Prime Minister. (He was exiled from 1958 to 1972, fabled from 1972 to 1974; now he is infallible again), and to pass down edicts, but the real running of affairs is in the hands of the experts in the bureaucracy guided by the deputy ministers of the departments. They make decisions burning with political implications every day of their working lives, decisions as to who shall receive grants, and who shall not, who shall be allowed to enter the country, and who shall not, how money shall be spent, and so on.

The action that all these decisions are made without reference to politics is one of the unacknowledged levers of our civil servants are political in two ways. First, the fundamental attitudes they bring to decision making rank of politics whether they are humanist or technocratic, right-wing or left-wing. Secondly, they are political in the party sense. They are, of necessity, attuned to the party in power. Most of them were weaned on the notion that God meant the Liberals to rule the land and they behave accordingly. They don't save their loyalty solely to public, but to call these establishments is like saying that establishment has no religion. The deputy minister I know best always refers to the Diefenbaker years as "the interregnum." And he means it.

Civil servants always talk about "protecting the minister," but what they are really protecting is their own jobs, their own power — in short, the status quo. For the last half-century, the party of the status quo in Canada has been called Liberal, and our senior civil servants are thus Liberal not only by habit and tradition but out of self-preservation. This arrogant assertion that no matter what name appears on the stationery at 34 Sussex, it is the same merry crew



who lose our mind, delay our permits, deny our requests, waste our money and perform all the other necessary functions of civilization. This is known as the integrity of the civil service. In my experience watching how Ottawa works, I have found that bureaucrats make sure only they and their friends, relatives, and what get the good jobs, the fat contracts and the nice opportunities to commit mayhem and rapine on the body politic. This is known as the merit system. And at the top of the merit system and in the centre of integrity stand the deputy ministers.

New Timothy Shoyama has joined the brotherhood. His elevation comes at a trying time. When Pierre Trudeau came to power in 1968, he set up his own priesthood as the Prime Minister's Office in line with his view that the political process should be formed from the clash of "countervailing forces." The resulting carping was terrible and the attempt failed, in the long run, because the technocratic Trudeau inherited to write less responsive, more abusive — less polite, in the fundamental sense — than the men they replaced. Trudeau was punished at the polls in 1972 and reformed, cutting the PMO, demoting many of the high functionaries, returning to the old system. The results were satisfactory — the system really does work — and first, among other things, helped Trudeau back to majority power in 1974. He promptly cancelled up the PMO again, and made Michael Pofford, his friend and confidante, the highest point of all — Clerk of the Privy Council. Trudeau is a clever man, but a slow learner. The bubble broke out all over again, and deputy ministers were once halting themselves out of Ottawa offices.

In the midst of this new strife, with no less than six deputy ministers gone or going, Shoyama was made Deputy Minister of Finance and that seems a curious thing. He is political, certainly, but of the wrong stripe. He was the chief economic adviser for the CCF in Saskatchewan and an acknowledged socialist. He has often unacceptable views, but he believes strongly in civil liberties (as a Japanese Canadian, he lost them during World War II, so he is quiet, but firm, on the subject), he believes in government intervention in the economy (he holds that resource planning, for example, is too important to leave to the private sector) and he has always been an enemy of the status quo. In Saskatchewan, one of his jobs was to bring orthodox ideas to the cabinet — to shake up the government.

In his new job, Shoyama is second highest point of all, inferior only to Pofford. He can exert a strong influence on economic policy, and his humanity, humor and common sense may be translated into new approaches to our economic plight. How did it happen?

I believe there are two possibilities. One is that all of Shoyama's body fluids were drained away one night while he was asleep and replaced with Genturine fluid — he has become, in fact, just another Liberal moderate, and will change nothing. But I prefer the other possibility. I think the whole thing was a ghastly mistake.



Discover the whisky for the light drinker.

Triple Crown Canadian Whisky by G&B.

HOW'RE YOU GONNA KEEP HIM DOWN ON THE FARM?

By Jodyhane Pine

When I was a kid, my father dabbled in broiler chickens on a 100-acre farm in Grey County, Ontario. From Monday until Thursday he ran a small pharmaceutical business in Toronto and on Friday he picked up his four sons from school and drove north to meet and shoot with Tim, the Danish rooster who looked after the poultry during the week. The land, most of it rented to another farmer on the concession, paid for the trees and the upkeep on the rambling stone house. On a good year, the chickens paid for the year before, which had inevitably been bad. But my dad wasn't in it for the money. Even when the brick on our plywood trailer broke late one Sunday and on the way back to town and it rolled down Danvers Road onto the lawn next door to John Eaton's and Dad vowed that he had had enough of goddam chickens and back-breaking work, I knew he wasn't serious. By Wednesday he was laughing — it was the Eaton's lawn he'd rolled up on — and on Friday we were off again, he to shovel, weed and rip the installation of watching his chickens grow and I to roam the fields and pick apples from the three-acre orchard next to the house.

A few years later, when I was 18, the Markdale and Pemberton fire departments argued furiously for 20 minutes over whose jurisdiction our farm was in. While they bickered and fought, the four boys hung around in the ground. My dad never spoke about the loss. And despite my plans that I wouldn't hear weekends in the city, he sold the farm.

That same year, 20 miles away, Harry Hodge (above) was growing up on another 100-acre farm just east of Mount Pleasant. I didn't know Harry then. In fact, I met him for the first time last April when I stayed for a few days to a friend's place nearby. By night I had no business leaving the city. But like every other time a rural buddy mentioned a need for help company, I was off and running.

We picked up eggs from Harry's mother, Eva, a self-proclaimed, university educated woman who emigrated from England 23 years ago with her husband, Bill, to sit the land and bear his four sons. I moseyed down to the barn to look up his books in the shed, guess eggs still came from the hen against my check, romp in the hay and talk to a slender, 19-year-old rooster-horned man. Harry had been up that morning since dawn feeding the livestock, tending to the chicks, milking the cows and was in there, at nearly eight in the evening, bedding them down for the night. I stayed a 10-pointed bed of straw over to a stall and sat down, exhausted, to rest.

Harry laughed at me: "April's beginning around time. You want to work, come between sowing and harvest." In May he ploughs the fields, sometimes until midnight. During harvest he harvests 50-pound bales every three seconds under a combine, 100-deckers run. Typical farmwork in a country where the average farmer like Harry's dad, is over 50.

My own memories of farm life come to mind: summer Sundays splashing in the swimming hole, a September Saturday — sneaking off with the neighbor's boy to fish on the stream and then working at a respectable distance from the



woodshed (trying not to giggle) while his dad exacted dues from him for playing hooky from chores. I never had to learn the old farm dictum, work first, play later.

The kids Harry grew up with learned it all too well. And when they realized that in 40 years it would still apply, they left farming. Harry's brother Tom is trying to make a go of it in Toronto. Brothers Steve and Ted have jobs in nearby towns. Friend Roger Sokolowsky is living in Kitchener.

But Harry wants to farm. He wants to make a good bird of 20 dairy cows better, although he's not too on the idea of producing milk for \$15 a hundredweight and selling it at \$12.50. He'd love to get rid of the 400 pairs-in-the-rock laying hens he keeps on one side of the barn, but even if produced for 55 cents a dozen and sold for 48 cents, even cash flow — \$40 a week to pay for the feed for the cattle that the Hodge can't grow enough of and forlorn at \$350 to \$370 a ton. He sells half the chickens at the end of the year to keep his head above water.

Harry would love to travel some before settling down. But if he leaves the farm for six months — hell, for a day — who would run it? His father, Bill, has been ill and hasn't the energy to see the barley and oats through the harvest. With out Harry, the herd, which after years of culling is just starting to produce fine stock, would have to be sold. After a few years, the whole farm would have to go. Yet Harry wonders if he could stand to grow old with the growing feeling that he never really saw enough of the world to make a choice. Harry strays and says, "I'm stuck, if I leave this farm I'll never be able to afford another."

Some of other farms in the area have already been sold. Not to urban farmers but to people like me who can't hear the thought of weekends in the city. A publisher from Toronto (mine) boy they call him in Grey County) bought a plot of agricultural land and planted a forest. Harry said to laugh at his idea asked about the young American kids who came up for the summer to see Canadian land. He convinced them that brown cows give chocolate milk — after all, his brown hen lay brown eggs — but meanwhile other tourists brought some land that saw his fellow where wheel used to drive and Harry sat smiling any longer. It's the same all over the country where, in the past 20 years, more than 4.8 million acres of cultivated land have been lost to developers and gardeners' fingers.

The next day I come back to the city and sit plucking at a farm-fish egg salad, my future depends on the decision Harry and those like him make about staying on the land. And Harry knows it. He also knows that there's a limit to how long he can afford to sell milk and eggs at a loss. And in the meantime, we sit here, like him, like Markdale and Pemberton fire departments, arguing about whether or not Harry and the rest of our farmers should have a guaranteed income or an adequate reason for their 12-hour days and whether or not we can afford to pay four pence for the fruits of the earth they produce.



This amateur artographer works like a pro. He owns a Pentax.

Alan Colquhoun
Assistant Vice President
national insurance company
Vancouver, British Columbia



Photo by Alan Colquhoun. Photo by Alan Colquhoun.

He wouldn't have guessed it when he was right and working in his father's machine shop in Scotland. But today Alan Colquhoun is a Maclean-Caspey operations manager for a subsidiary of one of the largest insurance companies in the world. With global offices in virtually every single country and annual sales in excess of 1.4 billion dollars.

In his frequent travels, Alan is also an amateur photographer with a taste for excellent visual reports from a pro.

And when it came to choosing a camera, he chose the Asahi Pentax ES.

On a Spring day, you know, you're under cloud one minute and the next minute the sun's out. Normally you'd have to be flicking around and adjusting for the change in light. With the ES, you don't have to worry about that. I just call it over the speed and convenience of the electronic shutter. You just aim, compose your picture and fire. And I find your composition improves when you can concentrate on a scene. I don't have to keep fiddling to get my speeds.

I've had a heck of a lot of cameras. And the reason I've gone to Pentax and stuck with it, and have talked so many of my friends

into using it, is that the Pentax is so reliable. The Asahi Pentax ES II. With the electronically determined shutter speed. And available also in a new motor drive model. For more information, see your favourite camera dealer. And join the entourage who work like the pros.

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Asahi Pentax ES II



THE HIGH COST OF RAISING HELL

By Donald Cameron

At about 5 p.m. on January 29, 1970, it occurred to me that I was living a wonderful time, and that I might never again relive such relaxed experiences.

As a university professor, a critic of the media and an editor of a newly new magazine called *The Mysterious East*, I was outliving before Senator Keith Davey's Senate Committee On The Mass Media in Ottawa. I made fun of the proposition the committee had based from newspaper magpies, I gave chapters and votes on stories that had been presented or spread by the Maritime paper, I commented the death grip of K. C. Irving on the press of New Brunswick.

I announced that one little monthly was establishing "The Rubber Duck Award" — my publishing company was called Rubber Duck Press — for the most outstanding nonsense each month of foolishness, leavened or incense-scented affecting the Maritimes. Then I produced an actual rubber duck and declared that the first such award would go to the Canadian Pacific Railway, which had just applied to thrust its snout still deeper into the troughs of Ottawa while reducing its services.

I lost to make thundering, funny speeches debouncing the untruths. It was splendid to sit that afternoon swilling glass with Senators, watching the reporters take notes, and to make pungent remarks in the Railway Committee Room about the railways. It did my heart good the next day to see my own words quoted back to me in papers from across the country, to discover a Canadian Press story characterizing me as a "cutting-out word" which had blown through the stuffy chambers of the Senate.

For a fleeting moment, you see, I had the impression that I outlived in the public life of Our Democracy. It seemed possible, briefly, that many voices might influence the future days of Canada, however slightly. A pleasant feeling, no question about it.

Over the years, I've put a good deal of time and money into various levels, for various organizations — the LeDain Commission on drugs, the Senate Poverty Commission, city councils and provincial governments. If you have strong opinions about public matters, you won't find a better means of voicing them than a brief to government. The press will report, you never need the government may strike them. At the very least you'll have the feeling that, if being a voice means more than just an occasional ballot, you've done something worthy.

It's a pleasure that damn few of us can afford.

Last winter Gerry Dewar, a bright young Acadia lawyer and a former News Scotia columnist, announced that he and some others would apply for a license to run a new radio station into Port Hawkesbury, 36 miles from any home. Our only media ratings now is CIBC (in Antigonish, a refreshingly local private station whose programming is dominated by country music and talk shows). Last night, when nobody's listening, it changes its obligations as a CIBC affiliate by running 19 hours of network programs a week.

Six months before Dewar's application, the management



and the timing of the big News Scotia Port Hawkesbury pulp mill had written a few letters to the CIBC asking for full service in what is rapidly developing into a considerable industrial centre. But the CIBC is uninterested in being wanted and declined to install a station.

The Canadian Radio-Television Commission scheduled a hearing on Dewar's application for early February in Halifax and I decided to take the opportunity to ask whether we really needed another private station as much as we needed the CIBC. I would suggest that Dewar's application should only be approved after we had a people's public station, and I would present the Upper Canadian universities of the CIBC. In particular, I would denounce the affiliate system as a fraud which permits the CIBC to claim that it reaches most Canadians when in fact it merely offers cheap filters for the less profitable hours of a private broadcaster's day.

Why me? I work full-time in publishing and broadcasting, and I can whip a brief together more easily than most. I knew I wasn't alone; after all, there was that letter from the fellows at the pulp mill. If we all badgered the CIBC, I thought, maybe we would eventually get a station.

Writing the brief and the speeches for the actual hearing and amassing the various supporting documents took about four days. Photocopying the whole thing ran nearly \$40, over there was little print in doing the brief unless I had copies enough for the press. The nearest copy is in Port Hawkesbury (it took me an afternoon. During the 200 miles to Halifax, delivering the speeches and driving back would take another couple of days. At 15 cents a mile it would cost \$60, plus the cost of accommodation in towns.

And I'm a full-time writer now, not a professor. To make \$12,000 a year — about half what I could expect from teaching and rather less than the Newfoundland fishermen would make for — means saving \$30 for every working day in the year. I don't make anywhere near that, but it provides a guideline of sorts.

Are you ready? The time I spent on the brief was worth \$325. Travel costs would total about \$110 and long-distance calls, photocopying, postage and the like probably added up to another \$60. Four hundred and eighty dollars, in other words, to make a noise.

To top it all, my car broke down halfway to Halifax. While a mechanic labored, I mused the heavens. After all that time and money, I didn't even have the pleasure of handing words with the right.

The thing been thinking about. The CRTC was eager to entertain a citizen's brief, I must say I had all the advantages. I wrote fairly easily, I'm not into regular hours, and though I'm far from rich I can afford to participate in a modest way in the political process. But at these prices, how many Canadians can afford to exercise their citizenship?

In this country, alas, citizenship remains a rich man's me-time like collecting Old Masters or brooding mysteries. The ability to affect the decisions that shape your life should be more than an expensive pleasure; it should be a right.

Canadians enjoyed the taste of Hudson's Bay when gold was discovered in the Klondike.



They're still enjoying its taste today.



When weary prospectors heard about the first big gold strike at Rabbit Creek, you can bet they started to celebrate. And Hudson's Bay withold rum were certainly there. Hudson's Bay has been part of Canada's big moments for over 300 years. And we've learned a lot about Canadian tastes in that time. That's why we now offer a full line of fine liquors to please today's tastes — including Hudson's Bay gin and vodka, Inverness Island White Rum, Best Proven Scotch Whisky, F.O.B. Canadian Whisky, Hudson's Bay. We've been to some of the best parts of Canada. Why not come to us to yours?



Hudson's Bay
A sign of good spirits since 1670.

THE VOLKSWAGEN SCIROCCO.



What can happen when designers and engineers agree on something.

The new Volkswagen Scirocco (shear ock!) was aptly named after a hot, Mediterranean wind by its designer, Italy's Giugiaro Giugiaro, one of the world's greatest.

By teaming him up with Germany's most demanding engineers, we created a car that's a gem of both exciting looks and crisp function.

For instance, Scirocco's streamlined, wedge shape is the result of stylish design coupled with months of aerodynamic wind tunnel tests. (So when we added additional features like our front and rear spoilers, we did it not just because they look good, but because we also learned they further improved Scirocco's already superior road-hugging abilities.)

The Scirocco's water-cooled engine is mounted transversely over the front axle. Again, not only does this save space and make good design sense, it puts the weight over the front drive wheels for optimum traction and grip of the road.

Inside Scirocco's true, sportscar cockpit you'll

find a classic sports dash, with large dials for eye-flick checking. Plus a centre console with further instrumentation.

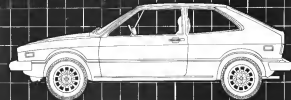
In the front, its two, body-contoured bucket seats adjust to almost any position. In the back, the single bench seat is moulded into two virtually separate seats. Plus, open the hatchback rear door, and you've got a deep trunk. (If you need room to carry really big things, simply fold away the back seat and presto! You've got over 18 cu. ft. of carpeted space.)

Add to all of this a truly innovative suspension system, precise, real sportscar handling, and you've got yourself quite a machine. And it's all totally covered by the VW Owner's Security Blanket, probably the most advanced car coverage plan in the world.

The hot, new VW Scirocco is something special. Our designers agree, our engineers agree. Take one for a brisk test drive. Your agreement will make it unanimous.



VW SCIROCCO SPECIFICATIONS.



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Type: four-cyl. water-cooled, cast-iron block and aluminum alloy head, 5 mm
bore x stroke
Displacement
Compression ratio
Carburetors
Valve train
Power (SAE net)
Torque (SAE net)
Benefit engine output
Max. recommended engine speed

DRIVE TRAIN
Transmission
Final drive ratio
Gear ratios
1st
2nd
3rd
4th
5th
6th

CHASSIS AND CARRIAGE
Wheelbase
Track, front
Track, rear
Length
Width
Height
Weight
Curb weight
Dry weight
Ballast capacity
Maximum weight
Fuel capacity
Oil capacity
Washer capacity

SUSPENSION
Type
Rear axle
Steering ratio
Turning circle

SEATBELT
Type
Rear seat
Front seat
Side seat
Rear seat
Front seat
Side seat
Rear seat
Front seat
Side seat

WHEELS AND TIRES
Wheel size
Wheel type
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Rear axle
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PERFORMANCE
Zero to 60
0-60 mph
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0-600 mph
0-650 mph
0-700 mph
0-750 mph
0-800 mph
0-850 mph
0-900 mph
0-950 mph
0-1000 mph

YOUR VIEW

Big and Little Brotherhood/The greening of British Columbia/Third cheer for women

I am concerned over the misapprehensions that will undoubtedly be generated by Heather Robertson's *Big While* (re: *Watching Big Brother*) (May).

I have been associated with Big Brothers for over 16 years, as a Little Brother and now as president of this society, and can refute with hard evidence Mr. Robertson's opinion that Big Brothers is "a movement founded on boosterism, nepotism and absolute faith in the American Dream."

JAMES G. MURRAY, PRESIDENT,
BIG BROTHERS ASSOCIATION OF ONTARIO
AND DISTRICT

Trees for tomorrow

In *Logging Fines Their Cut And Run* (April), Sean Rossiter is wrong in his premise that there are only two firms in British Columbia who do a proper job of forestry.

Our company, Canadian Forest Products Ltd., is the only 100% BC- and Canadian-owned integrated forest company in the province, and the only such firm that is owned privately. We pride ourselves on a first-class job of having taken our company from small beginnings to where it is today.

We did not receive a tree-farm license from Robert Saunders, but the late Chief Justice Sloan, in his second royal commission, recommended that our company be granted such a license. In the interim, we bought back privately owned timber from U.S. interests and contributed approximately 50% in volume and 80% in value to the total area, so that it would be brought back into sustained yield and

stay reproductive for all time. I believe that we are the only company that replanted substantial areas of crown land before the award of a tree-farm license, a fact which surprised even our present Minister of Lands and Forests, Robert Williams.

It should further interest Sean Rossiter, who refers on several occasions to Dr. Krutjans of the University of British Columbia, that our timber holdings contain the last occupationally high Douglas fir tract in BC, and that we offered, in cooperation with Dr. Krutjans, to establish such an area together with the provincial government as an ecological reserve. This fact demonstrates that our policy of long-term planning and husbanding the old growth's timber over a great number of years is unique, because similar tree stands existed in many areas of the coastal region.

L. L. G. BENTLEY, PRESIDENT,
CANADIAN FOREST PRODUCTS LTD.,
VICTORIA

Point of privilege

I am writing to you concerning some inaccuracies in an article by Myrna Kostash about International Women's Year, *This, Ladies, Is Your Very Own Year: Two Cheers* (February). I realize this is a somewhat tardy comment, but the article has only recently been brought to my attention.

Ms. Kostash states that the International Women's Year Secretariat's program "consists of four regional conferences to discuss what women need and want and how to get it."

At the time the article was written, this was correct. However, on January 22 I announced a new program of "flexible initiatives" to replace the previously planned series of regional conferences, and the approximately one-half million dollars which had been allocated to the conferences has now been channeled into this program. Under the flexible initiatives, certain provinces have started to spend their share of the federal funds on such projects as mobile information vans and mini-conferences. Quebec, however, has retained its plan for a regional conference.

I note also that, according to Ms. Kostash, the government said at the United Nations seminar last fall, "It is to be hoped that change will not be difficult to accomplish if it is found to be necessary." I would be most interested to learn the source of this unattributed quote, since it certainly did not form part of any of the official statements at the seminar. It is most inaccurate to represent this as an official position, since the government has pursued an active program to anticipate the status of women.

MARC LALONDE, DEPUTY MINISTER OF NATIONAL HEALTH AND WELFARE, AND MINISTER RESPONSIBLE FOR THE STATUS OF WOMEN

Editor's Note: The quote in Ms. Kostash's column was taken from a paper presented by the government to a United Nations International Seminar on Ottawa in September, 1974, and referred to possible changes in the government's initiatives dealing with women's rights in Canada.

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THE SEVENTIES BELONG TO LOUGHEED

Because Alberta has oil and Peter has Alberta

BY JACK LUDWIG

With Westerners have always been fascinated by the Great Eastern Debates under which, alas, the West and the Maritimes lost. Quebec and Ontario quailed, much to the surprise of a whole Canadian lost between them and later just enough crumbs dropped during their actual tug for the West and the Maritimes.

"Quebec separatism" or "Quebec separatism" are traditionally referred to — by Ottawa — as "Canadian separatism." Anyone in the West who questions the game can quickly identify as belfishes, and ask: French-baited enemy of Confederation, the Ontario and Quebec, between them, define "the Canadian game." "How can it be?" the "un-norm-al" become the "alienated," the "hostile," the "persecuted," the "marginalized or polyglot province."

I grew up in the West but can't for the life of me remember thinking of myself as "alienated." We Westerners could not even imagine, rejected, or, worse, even aggrieved, governed, for the most part, by an undifferentiated gang of proud show-off experts who didn't know their own city from a hole in the ground. Whether they were tagged Liberal or Conservative didn't make all that much difference. So in 1975, when "Eastern" voters cry again: "Alberta separatism!" and expect death, Columbia, Saskatchewan and Manitoba to man the federal masthead, our reaction, on the whole is "so what else is new?" In spite of what one might feel about specific "alienations" as the Alberta political map is West recognizes the oil-based "club" of Alberta as a counterforce to the "national Canadian" model of the Confederation. Through Alberta, the rest of the West and the Maritimes will, perhaps, be able, finally, to recognize those things the

royal commission panel has studied and feebly-shuffled away most of the days of our growing-up years.

In July of 1974 Peter Manning Peter Lougheed won the comfortable majority the federal election was supposed to provide his Liberal Party. No more would the "socialist" NDP be able to batter its show-up votes for a man of common sense in a juggle of the national structure. But the Trudeau "twerp" wasn't quite "alien," in Alberta, the Progressive Conservatives, led not by Walter Dill Robertson but by provincial premier Peter Lougheed, changed the Liberal, 1974 "Alienated" Alberta was obviously marching to the top-of-the-top of a different drummer.

From the Toronto-Ottawa perspective, Alberta was simply "Canada's Tax." A fall of industries, oil, mining, cattle, forestry, development, speculation, anti-union looks suspicious of any national goals, particularly the one called Canada. Yet, once apply the "alienation" label and a write-off of Western disenfranchisement results follow. Great Western leaders almost always that freight rates are stacked against the West, or that wheat policies, shipping, storage, and Western natural resources policies are made by "Central Canada" after a play-by-play "consultation" with the Western provinces. Participatory democracy was a slogan Ontario and Quebec took seriously but which, by the time it trickled out to the West and to the Maritimes, turned into a mock pediment or quasi-Confederation.

Not Peter Lougheed but Al Macdonald the Great Eastern Canadian Awakening. From the moment Alberta made its strides in oil and natural gas, and even more significantly, from the second

move, the Arab oil embargo (which can phase Canada's need to be self-sufficient in fossil fuels), the Alberta job was over. Alberta still had its American Texas, its Canadian "Trenton," its oil fields, its own King Ranches, but their distance meant something different: the "lookie" had power. These old-fashioned 18th-century capstans of industry were more than enough for voters even if still totally deluged to the mid-west. Philanthropic pleasures — money, land, oil, cattle, short hair and short views.

In March Peter Lougheed led his Progressive Conservatives to a provincial victory at something as the Alberta federal election of July, 1974. His party won 68 of 75 seats, which wiped out the Social Credit opposition (at dissolution for Social Credit had 25 seats, in the new legislative arena, fear). In the first provincial election, Alberta's election, but in the West limited up the new array of the confederacy leading a big-league march on Ottawa. Peter Lougheed emerged in an important Western political leader and in a significant political leadership. Lougheed at the first provincial premier to confront Ottawa but almost every other "alienated" provincial premier has in the past, eventually turned out to be a paper tiger. In 1975 "paper tiger" as he defined quite simply as "a premier without oil."

I was resident at the East Centre in July, during the federal election, and returned to Alberta in March to witness Peter Lougheed's predicted provincial triumph. Most Alberta people read Peter Lougheed's victory as a bookend-

Jack Ludwig's spare pieces, which appeared in this magazine, will be published by Doubleday in the fall under the title of *The Great Oil Fear and Winning*.

off for his anticipated pre-Election '88 follow-up campaign. Ron Ghaur, successful Progressive Conservative candidate in the Calgary legislative riding of Buffalo, told me a day or two before the Tory sweep of March that "Peter will be the first provincial premier to stand up to the East—I mean really stand up—to Quebec, to Ontario, to Quebec."

"Respond is the name of the game," Ghaur said, "and another job assigned. You, the East, Macdonald, that's why you're here. The East would have ignored us and our little election except for one thing — oil. We have it and we're playing tough."

"Every premier must know by now," Ghaur went on, "that if the provinces don't stand up, Confederation will fail. Ottawa can't govern Alberta or any other province because Ottawa's not close enough to the people. Only the provinces can govern. Heck, it's not just a matter of oil or energy. It's the high-handed way Ottawa does everything. Look at the husband and blingling thing from our point of view. This is Alberta, not Quebec. Alberta could give a damn about bilingualism. Peter — the real name of the Alberta Tory party is "Peter" — knows that the one issue we always have with us is jobs. To create jobs you make tough choices about energy, about the environment, about education. People in Alberta have a high pay capex income because they know the price is learning to live with the petrochemical industry. The NDP thinks different, but the NDP doesn't think the way Albertans think."

The "protection" of Alberta isn't alienation but only has to be its characteristic free enterprise "short views." Ghaur, though no red-neck, sometimes takes the short Alberta view. One issue is a byline in Alberta's gold rush fever in times of such hysteria people sell everything and everything to the highest bidder — Manitoba Island, say, or the environment, or, perhaps, the future. Overwhelming misery produces a politeness to which only a killing object. On March 26 "Peter's Party" noticeably had its man of straw — all for the most backs to any bidder, domestic or foreign — backed up vigorously. But the Peter Laughhead who played the Alberta message to Ottawa in April chose to underplay that message of the way. As long as Alberta had oil it needed no rhetoric.

I first met Peter Laughhead at Enbridge shortly after the July 1974 federal election in a gallery opening, which presided over the work of Geoff Centre artists. He seemed shy yet somehow at home in the characteristic small men of gallery openings — freckled parents in cuff links and ties, their coffee wares in long dangles, the industrial scene cocktail party rains in effect — "I'd like you to

meet Joseph Blow and, oh yes, his wife Flo." Laughhead resembled a North American foundation head or university president studiously avoiding the gallery's spread-out young, the painter concerned with how anxiously they had been framed or hung, the uncommitted and graciously babbling artists and chaffers. For the most part, he stayed among his sock friends.

In the months between the federal and provincial elections the "bunking" of Peter Laughhead had begun packaging, merchandising, alone independent of the person being sold. "The building was schooling," a little family business, a little touch of mystery, a son can have another success there. Add a few one-liners, borrowed jokes, a formal disclaimer photo, some junky snapshots and/or home movies, a few TV appearances, and poof — a national political icon. In 1975 Richard Nixon's 1972 film packages were sent to Peter Laughhead's best face forward. It's that film Laughhead was watching when I entered his Calgary West campaign headquarters.

The program, a kind of "This Is Your Lucky Life, Peter Laughhead," was being shown on some Calgary channels, except one — the "Trade-as-is" CBC. Laughhead sat with his legs crossed, his body bent slightly forward, his eyes steady off the screen, his thumbs twiddling. His wife, Jeanne, watching with him, remarked on how much darker his hair was in 1971. The film leaned heavily on the ideas of "new" and "homework" and from an Albertan's point of view, presented Peter Laughhead in reasonable but unflattering light on no contrast Trudeau, and Turner, and Mulroney, and Mulroney.

The film, looked at chronologically, showed some startling shifts in Laughhead's political style. Though he spoke deliberately, and slowly, sounding at times like Ronald Ford, he had none of Ford's wicket-a-moment ill-fated puns, or Ford's almost slow-motion stalling. On film one could see Laughhead's face and shoulders arch into the mid-1970s along with his widening lips. At no time, however, did Laughhead approach the drapery look of Peter Trudeau, not even when he was shown speaking in the assembly.

Though the film emphasized Laughhead's competence, firmness, compassion, forthright and charm, the rip I had heard put on him said he was much like Richard Nixon in his concerns, his willingness to let a few close businessmen win off from the expanding public world. I told him that his opponents thought of him as someone who emphasized charisma rather than ideas or issues. They charged him with being a personality cultist, power hungry, bad at

delegating authority and responsibility, and (also) seemed to reply. Laughhead denied some more Albertan political history. The provincial Progressive Conservative Party he had "bunk up" something," he said. "I know where the weak spots were in Social Credit. I know where Achille's heels and how those Achilles' heels developed."

Building a party, Laughhead suggested, meant having a tight organization, and organizations were at a premium, perhaps the power-hungry label. Unity meant anything below someone — the leader, who, in this case, was Peter Laughhead. But now his emphasis was shifting. People were, according to him, moving power.

"In politics, people lose their fire. The same people can't do the same job year after year. I've had a different campaign manager the three times I've run in this riding. Remaining in any job so long is particularly harmful to cabinet ministers. That's why I intend to have every cabinet minister shift his portfolio."

In the film (and in my subsequent conversations with Laughhead) I noticed that he carefully avoided going one-on-one against Prime Minister Trudeau — a stance his most pugnacious followers expected him to take. He never, for instance, made a direct Alberta First pitch, but coached his august Alberta First in an accurately "normal" Canadian patriotic language. In April at the First Ministers' Conference, the gap between Laughhead and Trudeau, for instance, was far smaller than the gap between Laughhead-Trudeau and Ontario's Progressive Conservative Premier William Davis. Laughhead seemed always to be saying something like "What's good for Alberta is good for Canada, and what's good for Canada is good for Albertans," a position unambiguously 1965-Albertan and 1971-Canadian. This non-volatility tone, more than almost any other factor, leads some political observers to conclude that Peter Laughhead not only plays some day to become the minister, Tory under Tory, but recently, the Prime Minister of Canada.

In his campaign film, the included clips always stressed the needs of "all Canadians," even when talking claims of "Alberta's ownership rights." At the Ottawa Energy Conference in January of 1974, for instance, the Premier referred to his province as the "major supplier for Canada," talked about "sound national energy policies," and ended with the hope that all would "turn to understanding and agreement."

To Ottawa Peter Laughhead may look like only the latest image out of the Western improving machine. Within Alberta, his image is far from right, right-wingers consider Laughhead's 1973 attitude to be "shift the Eastern bus-



PHOTOGRAPH BY GUY WILKINSON

[illegible]

"One fence against laughter," Roshalev said, "is that we'll eventually show him out. Leighton's ego can't stand a landslide. Peter Leighton, nothing but what old Fred Mannes created. Mannes has more power with Leighton than anybody else around—even more than Fred Jr. Lots of things with the Manneses could send Leighton into—well, panic." Peter Leighton once worked for Fred Mannes, who, through Linsen International (a huge contracting operation) and other enterprises, has had much to do with developing Africa and the southwest corner of Saskatchewan.

To counter Peter Lougheed's "socialism," and, I suppose, the "socialism" of the ultra-free conservative Manning, Rodolph wanted the province to set up a separate Alberta mail service run by po-

Such a long time
between hangings

In Calgary I met an admirably right-wing opponent who told me he always felt more at home in Denver or Houston than he did in Edmonton. The Calgary life was Western, he said, but the Edmonton life (he had attended the University of Alberta) was like and Eastern — "Tail of Alberta farm boys dressed up to look like they were born in Toronto." His equally conservative wife, he told me, was a radio participant with an engaging hobby: "She's real into —" he said me, "about bringing back the dead poultry."

was surprised the expected government to "buy the hell out of lands and resources." The law of buy-cheap-and-sell-high should apply freely to any customer, be he American, Iranian, Japanese, Greek, or even Ontario.

[illegible]

Lochner's response was that in politics, as in other things "close personal relationships make strong stereotypes possible." He could ask a close personal friend to interrupt a career, take a cut in pay or rank because the Alberta government "Treat" party or staff required it.

damned Africa newspaper in July 1974 and March 1975 I found little evidence of either investigative reporting or editorial challenges. When, for instance, the Petroschemical handling papers were "linked" to the acidophiles, the important story — to complete with details about speed of growth, forms and expansion to certain industries — did not make the front page of the *Sidmanas Journal*. Similarly the *Sydney Herald* — which the *Sidmanas Journal* had compared to *Sydney Morning Herald* — did not get further coverage. Indeed in most papers a tendency to generalize and stay away from issues. There was little press pressure to make the government answer specific questions.

In a victory speech the night of the election, Progressive Conservative Roy Farnon of Calgary North Hill said the party itself was perfectly capable of generating its own opposition. As an example of that opposition, evidently, Farnon defined his own rule: "Mix a bit of do or die" an odd choice of words for an opposition spokesman.

Chenier told me that many times during the previous legislative session he thought, "Wouldn't it be fun to be across the way? There was so much the Opposition could do, but didn't." To accommodate the Opposition, Peter Lowe,

tion, after the March elections, proposed changes in legislative procedures which would allow each Opposition member, if he wished, to speak twice on a bill instead of only once. Arrangements to enlarge the research facilities of the Opposition.

My main question to Laughhead, though, was the obvious one: what would he do with his mandate? First "and foremost," he told me, was the pressing need for "a new definition of Confederation." Though the worded abstract and general, Laughhead wanted that definition to take into account the special nature of the "Western Canadian economy which though it depends on a resource base must inevitably use those resources for the long-range goal of diversification." Then a Western Canadian point of view would resolve the basically *laissez faire* orientation of Alberta with the *laissez faire* westerners of Manitoba, Saskatchewan or British Columbia, wasn't it?

Everybody knows by now. Laughlin announced "that oil doesn't last forever." The reason Alberta "insisted on a fair return now" was that the current high market price of oil internationally translated into money which could be used for the diversification of the Alberta economy, which, in turn, would mean jobs now and in the future.

On the travel, Alberta — and Western Canada — were applying measures designed to any de-concentrated economy. Natural resources could not be taken out of the West to be processed in — and product employment for — the East. But natural resources not easily could be explained by present interpretation, the tax structure was supposed to encourage free enterprise to participate in that exploitation. Again, as Laughed well knew, the other Western provincial governments did not encourage the private exploitation of public natural resources. The confederated West might reflect

thousands of rural unity wives confining Ottawa, but economic differences were quite real. Ideologically opposed provincial governments presented quite different economic proposals at the April Farm Measures' Conference. For instance, British Columbia wanted oil prices to stay put but natural gas prices to rise (British Columbia, one should not have to emphasize, has little or not a lot of natural gas).

With diversification his way, jobs he once held and the nature of the West-on-the-Hill century the big dream. Long head at the conference turned the new

for Alberta to get a "fair return" for its oil and natural gas now. If, Longfellow told me in March, "the rest of Canada" couldn't come up with that "fair return," the new confederacy would go into action, *i.e.*, Alberta would do business with anyone outside Canada who could "meet our laws, as everyone else does."

"I have no feeling for keeping anybody out of Alberta," Lougheed said. "There's no moat around this province."

While emphasis now is on oil and natural gas, overhauling the land is potentially a far more significant issue. Long after all modern aid and resources have been exhausted the land will be there — to live on, to build on, to grow on, to graze on, to take on, to kill on. Farmers, I was told by people close to the Land Use Forum (in print) surveying the questions of land use in the province) are already fearful of the inflationary pressures being earned by "foreign" investment in Alberta land. The official figure for foreign participation is 2% of all Alberta land, but some say only 17% of Alberta's arable (and quality) is "pure" land; the degree of foreign ownership might rise or fall as high as 8% or higher. Land is, to international finance, a great "sucker" against inflation. In the case

and mid-states the bridge was gold. Money poured into Switzerland — and other places — buying gold bars at the kind price of \$35 an ounce, and later, at the kind price of \$350 an ounce. At \$35, 80% in the west and east and just a few dollars in the rest of the world. The price of gold rose in some places to \$180 to \$200 an ounce. Thirty-five dollars fell as cash from New York, 1963, would have three quarters of its value by 1978, \$35 invested in gold would be worth at the very least, \$180. The second international "bridge" was, of course, and, it is, before the oil embargo, some of the most important and just the beginning of it — an "energy investment specialists" were accumulating — the \$35 turned \$160 could double or triple, making the original \$25 worth \$220 or \$440. If that money then went into buying choice Alaskan land — the third international "bridge" — that original \$25 would be worth \$2,000, or more, or more. The \$25 held as cash would be worth still or more than that.

More concretely, the third international "bridge" is not laid but fixed. World demand will, in the not distant future, as Alberta Liberal leader Nick Tupper told me, turn "the whole prairie region, from Winnipeg all the way to Lethbridge, into one huge truck garden." Land is an essential bridge, Tupper said, because "under the British system of government we never take land back at less than what someone paid for it." At present, a foreign investor could keep his money abroad, at best, he could make a historic profit — all at the expense of

the people of Alberta and the rest of Canada.

Tony Peter Leachman, Liberal New
Taylor and NDP'er Grant Nusley all re-
"places with a stable government and a
stable economy" left in the world —
cans and shins can deposit not only
their money but themselves and their
families within Alberta's secure and
tranquil free enterprise, low tax, no-
business-as-usual.

Laughlin's understanding of his role as Father's god is that it will correct the current vagueness about buying and owning Alberta land. It will be, he hopes, "firmly define ownership and the minimality of a purchaser," which, at the present time, looks and "feels" crazy. Yet even Laughlin's purchases wonder about the Premier's ownership on the local issue. A man who voted Progressive Conservative told me the greatest irony would be if while "Pete knocked down all the Eastern Canadian windmills he let foreign investment take us over without a fight."

In a sense, Premier Leighton is stuck in order to "deal hard" with "Central Canada," he has to have an alternative extra-Canadian market, in order to have that market he has to be willing to sell precious land — and oil, and minerals, and even water — to "foreign interests." To take such a "neo-Canadian" step would of course be political suicide nationally at the present moment. He was taking down political opposition, the Progressives would be persisting when the rest of Canada — and not just Ontario — would undoubtedly consider economic separation. His aspirations (if they exist) to be leader of the national Progressive Conservative Party — and next Prime minister — would be, at the very least, unrealistic.

Yet, as things stand, Fear Laughed holds the greater office — President of

Still the best man they ever had

In what may be an entirely unrelated story, the voters of Hinton, Alberta, just a few days before the provincial elections, elected a dead man to the position of town councillor.

"It created quite a stir," was how Hennes's returning officer, H. E. Walker, chose to characterize the uncommon occurrence for the Calgary Herald.

The winning candidate, the late Oscar Rowden, had died after a heart attack; his death was well-known to all eligible voters and yet, when the 312 ballots were counted, the late Oscar Rowden had 181, 90 votes more than the late E. B. Isaac.

oil-rich Alberta. Why give that up for the lesser role — leading a not-quite-with-it national Tory party? His current planning, he told me, was for Alberta's future, and that was job enough.

In Peter Longhead's "vision," Calgary the "North" in a financial center, linking up with agricultural producers with agribusiness. Edmonton the "North" is involved with industrial and services in a "service center" and "university city," the land south of Calgary specializes in agriculture and agricultural processing, the west is reserved for tourism, the northwest develops forestry training and related industries, the area from Medicine Hat to Fort McMurray is a petrochemical industrial region. In the Longhead "master plan," diversification takes population pressure off Edmonton and Calgary. People leave those cities and distribute themselves over the rest of the province. But this very master plan sets the stage for a potential break between Premier Longhead and his new confidentiair advisers on the "right." In his view, diversification

substance and the need to generate jobs for "Albertans and other Canadians" so great that "though we want to encourage the private sector, if they can't do the job — or won't — this government will." In their view any government involvement in business and/or industry is "wicked socialism, or worse."

Everything is set for a provincial and a national confrontation: Alberta's drummer is beating a free-market tune to the right of the province's mountains "the other" Westerners seem to be taking left. The New Confederation is the state now, and probably will remain so for the next five or 10 years. Other provincial premiers stand up and make demands on "Ottawa," but the strongest voice among them is Peter Lougheed's, strong, quietly, "Leaders and governments of the Prairie Provinces have..."

side, Walker said that his hurried research indicated that Rowden's victory "was the first known case of its kind in Alberta history."

Like any thoughtful returning officer, Walker couldn't resist drawing a moral out of the incident. The silence was "water apathy," and a "light turnout." Those 502 voters were the barely remnant of a much larger eligible band: 1,800 live, potentially significant, but absentee voters.

"If everyone had come out to vote," he said, "and voted the way they should, I am sure Mr. Roosevelt would have made it."

SETTLING THE SCORE FOR GEORGE II

America is no match for The Man From UEL
By **BRUCE McCALL**

Much has been written of the United Empire Loyalists, some of it even by people who weren't United Empire Loyalists. A society of Canadian super-patriot contrabandists—descendants of those mariners who 200 years ago were booted out of the American Colonies for the sin of being loyal to the Crown and who have lovingly preserved the brasses ever since.

Much is known of the UEL's activities today: how UEL youngsters are trained to play baseball with a puck, to demonstrate the game, how the UEL's monopoly on the Union Jack confederate flag—used in acts like planting stink bombs at conventions of the Daughters of the American Revolution, how loyalist Loyalists once came first close to making Canada a monarchy by endorsing "Good King John's" Dineenbuckler, a plot which collapsed at the last minute when it was found that the only decent throne available would have to be purchased from a monarchial-supplies house in Britain.

But less — in fact, nothing — has been written of the UEL's Secret Oath. Uttered in a now-invisible manhole this only full-blooded Canadian can comprehend. It is a striking list from a volume void of revenge. For although they may be gone too sharp about remembering things, Canadians can never forget — whether it's the Stanley Cup winner in 1994, the Denver gaspophers' given names, or the breakfasts eaten upon us two centuries ago by the belly who lives next door.

I met one who has taken this oath and lived by it. My ancestors were hidden out of New Jersey 200 years ago on a rail to a hat of chicken feathers and an arena of hot air. They had supported George III against the rapacious colonial rabble and that was the price of that loyalty — uprooting, humiliation — expulsion. It was in Canada that their right reded-

ed and they found Measur refuge. Those they picked off the feathers and licked their wounds — being most careful to avoid the tar — and those, in turn, they joined the United Empire Loyalists. A few Loyalist ancestors flourished in my family and became my legacy, along with an old Victorian and a pair of binoculars. And with young meekness came the sibling of the Secret Oath.

Every Loyalist and every son of a son of a son of a Loyalist's son knows of what I speak. None of us can forget the certainty surrounding this secret: now a chilling ritual involving a beaver pelts, a shot of Nelson's Crappy Cough, a scolding litany of losses brought down upon all quakers to the Crown from Measur, till, John to Lurie, Rich.

It is an oath that binds the crucifer for life to the cause of vengeance in the name of George III. It calls on some to devote their lives to the cause; if they don't mind and if it doesn't interfere with the spring plowing, of course.

And it is a vow that leads a selected few Loyalists to filter through the Yankee lines and become UEL agents in place — forsaking home and hearth and Hockey Night in Canada for the sake of making revenge, fantasizing, career, mixing people up in revolving doors, in short, to act as agents provocateurs, Canadian style.

Such was my destiny as Fate ordained it. Thirteen years ago, assuming the Customs and finance officer by the rigorous rule of showing him my official U.S. visa, it slipped across the border as Detroit to commence my career as undercover UEL operative in the United States.

My assignment was more tedious than work. I would take up residence in New

Bruce McCall was born in Seaton, Ontario, and is a contributing editor of the National Lampoon.



"Put on Gisèle MacKenzie platters", I would cry. "Where's the Bob Goulet?" My Gordie Tapp imitations cleared whole rooms

Yank City under the clever "cover" of purporting to be a country (bumpkin) just across from the Iowa coastline, an in-spired disguise for a Canadian spy in the 'big Apple'. My orders would arrive concealed in letters delivered by someone I knew only as "Marlene," furnishing detailed information about upcoming political parties, elections and other social functions. My mission: infiltrate these with the deadly intent of spreading pro-Canadian propaganda, demoralizing the army with anti-American war-windies, spilling drinks and generally sowing discord and confusion in the very social veins of America.

I was learned that the task of a UEL comrade abroad is a demanding and lonely and frequently dangerous one. Cut off for months and sometimes years from Canadian beer and Kluge beer, the underground Clerk must go half-blind against desire and decent into a spiral of lunacy where he can no longer remember if it's the Old or New World he's in. The Saskatchewan Agent, for example, has been the victim of cruel bumpers and too long deprived of CBC reports on the weather over Keweenaw River and Kullback and slaggish and dull-witted — and vulnerable to espionage.

Knowing that betrayal leads once to the isolation prison, the UEL agent learns early to think twice before he acts, to suffer his natural impulse to sprinkle vinegar on the French from atop the case at the counter for a pack of Cerveas-Ar. He must frown after acquaintance of Barbara Ann Scott and the Pugwash Conference and squelch the urge to publicly protest over Anne-Marie. He must watch his nerves, his tongue,

even his calendar. For where he is, being Day and American Day aren't. And Thanksgiving is some strange holiday masquerading under the same name (Ever to be borne in mind is the haunting example of the legendary soprano "Colobacco" destroyed one day in May of 1955 when he married one written Yank woman. The twelfth of fourth of May, the Queen's birthday, if we don't get a holiday we'll all run away!)

But risk of betrayal and exposure notwithstanding, it must be confessed that I needed as my substitute's aide.

It was always I, when parties ended and the hour went late, who insisted on playing geography games involving the accurate tracing of the Northwest Passage and naming all 10 provinces from west to east in order and spelling the capital city of Alberta. The games the assembled were more to my eyes.

Muse: "Put on the Gisèle MacKenzie platters!" I would cry. If none could — and so this cultural wasteland, how often that was the case — it would be, "Where's the Robert Goulet?" followed by my rendition of *If Ever I Found Love* from an ensemble, the last genre left. My Gordie Tapp imitations inspired these town houses in minutes. Guilt of shenanigans became, under my crimsonous auspices, a veritable living freeze of Canadian books and authors — to this day no American has ever displayed my personal library of "Gisèle" or pronounced my name in a dry-eyed "Maudie de Boudie." Not even those who stuck around till I finished.

Stung by the Americans' stiff refusal to chat about Canadian current affairs — "It's not of our business," the response would always be — I would get my partner to the international met and down him in a torrent of well-chosen words on Canada's role in NATO, the 1965 US-Canada Auto Trade Agreement, Spring Thaw, the DEW Line, Jafette, Eskimo earnings and the occasional Buffalo joke, just to vary the mix. It was the spoken equivalent of a letter bomb: an off-mouse his head line was useless for the rest of the evening.

My mastery of cunning verbal acrobatics on *double* (talked with the very air of a Canadian childhood spent by the lake) at the Hot Shoe League would disquietly never failed to buff the slow-witted nephew of Uncle Sam, even while thinking home a telling and wicked poem. Looked in another acute political struggle with another corrupt Yank, I would abruptly lose back, were

unintentionally and exclaim: "Well, I won't Blame Argue with you!"

He never knew what hit him. Likewise the blowback at one smart fella who made the fatal error during a discussion of Dutch popular music of mentioning the song *Synops* "Coke By The Zander Zee." I was by his side in a trice. "I think you mean Zander Zee!" I corrected him, vanishing into the back room to fetch another Canadian flag on the wall before he could collect what remained of his wit.

I was by one's elbow to another after left at the dinner table who is cheerfully adjourned for cigars and brandy in the drawing room. Perfect! Moments later I was hunched pen in hand over a dictionary in the distant library. Days or weeks later the dictionary's cover, in my search for only moments, would discover "laser" to be spelled "laser," that "neighbor" had replaced "neighbor," and so on straight down the line.

Anti-American xenophobia, crushed from my lips and buried in my pocket as a string of lecherous in the Fourth — of July.

To our Manhattan hosts who had gained the weatherman's prediction of cold or coming down from Canada in what I took to be dangerous terms: "Olymph? Well, what about Vietnam?"

To the same hosts abroad later, after the continued taking for Canadian tax cut of storage. "Sam, sure New Year does that square with Watergate?"

The abject demoralization showed in their eyes as my stupors of sarcasm ricocheted around the room. But statistics the soft touch was called for — picking a rebound scene the conventional gold course. Such was the case at one fancy affair when the man seated next to me, who was pontificating on Nixon, admitted his position.

Instantly alone without chortling, I kept in "And just what is wrong," I drawled, pulling myself up to full height and toppling my wine glass over (I'd killed effort, "with a two-dollar bill"). The man would only stare blankly white, flushed with victory, I mopped up the wine.

The last words of advice I heard before disappearing into the American radar were given to a would-be UEL contact known only by the code name: "Mother." Preceding to adjust the toque on my head. "Mother" in her last gesture, flamed down and whiskered in my ear, "Don't play with your food!" It was a warning I found necessary to

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AND FULL-BODIED
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"How many Americans," I taunted, "risked their lives running the Falls in barrels?"

gation, however. In fact, with the exception of several people who assist him by his own admission, I frequently employed the misdeeds of my plastic to do some very good. I am a former big game hunter, and I have been an American Legion Prayer Book reader (what I was doing there is a story that I can never be motivated when a simple task of songsters served perfectly to illustrate my point about "the largest undeveloped forest in the world" a little more and UFL propaganda play designed to kill Americans into a false sense of security regarding invasion from the north.

[illegible]

The day I learned my story, I was 11. IFL again was finally over with all its somatic rind in my mind. I had just returned from another evening at another few hours of crilly language. I returned to see both American Canadian relations several years. My theme that night was the superiority of the Canadian side of Niagara Falls over the American complex, just barely built while numerous Canadals had just left three times by passing the track over Fall in vaporharm and old iron tubes. For all of my Canada's so-called American "partners" had once their way clear to do the same. Hearing me tell this classic example of Yankee bad faith had lifted my spirit and brought an early end to the course. But those high spirits were due to pleasure that I had lost again the message from IFL headquarters, immediately.

in 1982 as a letter from a UTE branch office: "We regret to inform you...in a big way...my heart now beating faster than the chairman's gavel at an NDP convention...that your membership in the United Empire Loyalists of Canada has been terminated for nonpayment of dues." The offending line stemmed from a bank of course, how stupid of me! I, the despatched operative, had for gotten the most basic UEL rule of all: "Payment in Canadian Funds Only" had always been the iron rule of UEL membership. I, fool! had almost immediately passed along my payment of dues via a check - a common slipper - drawn on a New York bank and forwarded in U.S. dollars. The oldest taboo in the bank, and I had violated it.

The nonreversible UEL apparatus had already acted. My checker, based on sight, is happens to be of American currency that falls into UEL hands. My first stamped TRANSMAT and symbolically placed wrong-way around in the address. My *Mexico News* subscription, worryingly contained.

And I knew what was now expected of me as a wretched UEL agent. The half-nude old Polono carving, where it hid the masculinized Leonard Cohen poems must be neutered postage and The Lambert Leber Festival T-shirt worn as a recognition symbol to other UEL agents must be buried. My old-time tanger and garlands, the autobiographical glory of George Herz that under strong light revealed the lyrics to C. Canada in both English and French even so, too subtle may soon be hidden from Roy's eyes and his tongue. And so they went. And so closed my career as a UEL agent in the United States of America.

Now, down in blazing over the Manitoba skyline: The Canada Dry bottle is almost regular. The Ed McCurdy routine is such. It's times like this when the homesteaders it won't. But the danger is too great for me to ever go home again. The danger too nobody knows better than a former operative from the UEL: death with a stranger living in hollow insurance in a house that does not mean home and know that some peace will evening on some tranquil street. It will happen. The words of boots are the scariest that comes a man and so late. The cold murder grows on the car and then the explosion. And the world enveloping into a million billion crystal droplets as the quiet past wrecks in vengeance - vengeance, UEL style.

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And, to make things worse, Causal discovered in nutrient road and lab tests that "Grey Pearl" is aggravated by two things:

The high humidity of Spring and Fall in many parts of Canada. And, to our horror, some high detergency inorganic motor oils.

At this point, we could have done what other oil companies did. Thrown up our hands and say there's nothing we can do about loaded gasoline, or the weather. Instead, we figured out all the angles, tried out some new concepts

and, after nine months' testing, came up with an answer: New Control Super GTX. The first and only multigrade oil developed here in Canada to meet "Grey Fox" head on.

What Super GTX has that other multigrade oils don't now have is our unique, new detergent package.

So, while Super GTX won't cure "Grey Death" (only unfused gasoline can do that), it does amend the problem to the point where it's no longer a threat to your engine. Which means now is the time to change your oil.

New Control Super GTX. In 20W-30, 5W-40 and 10W-30 viscosity ratings. We believe there's no other oil in Canada to touch it.



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THE GOOD WORKS OF EMMETT HALL

A judge's casebook
BY WALTER STEWART

Emmett Matthew Hall has touched the lives of every Canadian. The medicine we practice, our evolving educational system, our judicial system, our attitudes toward Canada's native peoples, toward social justice and tolerance—all have been profoundly affected by the remarkable judge. And what is even more remarkable is that Hall, a tall, grey, handsome man of gentle eye and even gentler voice, has worked all his reforms—from designing Medicare to setting out aboriginal land claims—from well within the establishment.

He is a Very conservative in the old and best sense, he believes in the rule of law and the rights of man; he believes that there is much worth preserving in Canada's social and economic system;—a system that has helped him with justice and honesty, of only moderate wealth but he also believes that nothing good will survive unless we are willing to reform and adapt to meet changing circumstances. The principles are what count, all the rest can be changed.

He is a radical because, despite the rambling clouds that pass over as many of his views, he is a serious man. Other public figures who take the rule of law and the rights of man, Hall operates, and has always operated, as if these ideals were real. Any deviation from justice or equity angers him, he does not expect it, and will not mind for it if the remedy requires a fundamental re-examination of law, or tradition or society, to be it.

He has few forebears. Historically the Canadian bench has been sacrosanct with judges who have followed themselves in the station one like Bernstein, proving that he sits with every passing year. Ivan Rand, who shook up Canadian labor relations with the Rand formula, and J. C. McRuer, whose report as chairman of the Ontario Law Reform Commission left so many red eyes in Ontario, are comparable with Hall, but to put him in a group you have

to reach across the border—to seek U.S. precedents and others as Felix Frankfurter—at about into the new generation of judges, younger men such as Bora Laskin, now chief justice of the Supreme Court of Canada, and Phil Hurl, chairman of the Federal Law Reform Commission.

Emmett Hall was born the son of a small dairy farmer in St. Catharines, Quebec, in 1896. The family moved to Saskatoon when Hall was 12. He was bilingual and worked to remain so, which was handy when he went to the Supreme Court. He lived most of his life in the prairie city, he lives there today, in a comfortable penthouse overlooking the South Saskatchewan river. He was a friend and classmate of John Diefenbaker at law school, worked in a number of Diefenbaker's campaigns and appeared both with and against him as counsel. A brilliant legal technician, he was marked early as a man who would take on difficult and unpopular cases and, as often as not, win them. Despite this, he has followed an establishment pattern: King's Counsel, Benchler, lecturer in law, provincial justice, chief justice of Saskatchewan, justice of the Supreme Court. Along the way, he became a professional commissioner in inquiries into medicine, education, legal reform and even judges' salaries. He retired from the bench in 1973.

What follows are summaries of some of the outstanding battles along Hall's path. I have chosen them, out of dozens of possibilities, because each reflects, in a different way, the body of purpose, the consistency, the humanity and the firm common sense of one of the most outstanding Canadians of our time.

1926: The Case Against Bigotry
Gerald Deslery was not a particularly nice man. He worked as physician in a Saskatoon medical house and, on the side, ran a scandal sheet called *The Reporter*, which dug up gossip and rumors

about local notables. But Deslery was "a tough little bastard"—Hall's phrase—and when the Ku Klux Klan hit town and the established press treated it with shy circumspection or, in some cases, with welcoming enthusiasm, Deslery waded in with his aggressive firing.

Obviously, the Klan came to Saskatchewan as a natural course, to clean up crooked politics, whores and pornography, but in fact it was pushing racism, hatred and fascism. Instead of eradicating the evils, it is the southern United States, the Canadian Klan was after Catholics, Jews and aliens—anywhere. Its motto was "One flag. One race. One religion. Racial purity and moral rectitude." The law went down well in the Saskatchewan of the late 1920s, where economic conditions were beginning to turn sour, where politics was rife with patronage and where many citizens were looking for scapegoats (there was some real looking for, and finding, whores and felons). Many of the prominent Conservatives, including party leader J. T. McAndrew, used the Klan as a weapon against the rising Liberals, prominent citizens joined or supported the crusade or, if they opposed it, they held their peace in public. The KKK assumed a certain respectability.

Deslery of course was a stranger to respectability, and when J. J. Mahoney, a Klan organizer from Ontario, arrived in town. The *Reporter's* October 22, 1927, issue greeted him with a blast of headlines: "WELL-KNOWN HATED KREEDER COMES TO TOWN" and "EX-CATHOLIC CLERIC SPEAKS LIES AND ALL FEELING MAD (with disquieting sarcasm)." On a 1928, Deslery did not believe in punishing the Klan, he said, was "tormented by fakes and floundered by fools," and Mahoney, who doubled as editor of a weekend anti-Catholic paper *The Foreman*, was "a fat and a man as white as

Walter Stewart is an associate editor and senior writer for *Maclean's*.

The Regina riot, Hall says, was police-provoked. Until the cops charged at the marchers, there had been no trouble whatever

like or as true should be placed."

This was strong stuff and landed a hell-of-a hit. Deasley was not sent; he was charged with criminal libel. It was not Maloney vs. Deasley on the court in spring 1995. It was Rex vs. Deasley. He was fined for the false force of the state words for his 1995 opinion.

Deasley was to Hall a well-known lawyer. Catholic as well as a well-known lawyer and Hall took care of the case. The defense was straightforward and facile. It consisted simply of saying that Maloney was Maloney's puppet. The *Freelance* where outcries in Deasley's article were defensible now, were the product of "a polluted and twisted mind." Maloney noted that there were 27 percent in the federal Department of Immigration — obviously a plot to undermine *Wings* parity. He discovered that a campaign to make O Canada the official Canadian anthem (yes, even then) was designed "to Remonize our songs." He contended the Catholic church was "deliberately [and] influence wherever it stands."

The defense was broken down by a Saskatchewan judge. Having Catholics was one thing; attacking Romanism another. Deasley, another Klansman per Catholic, but a half-murder, was convicted. He got off however with a \$300 fine. Hall for his role in defending him was burned in effigy. "To tell the truth, I was rather flattered," — and that was that.

Deasley had been quite right, however. The violence of the Klan's attack became evident, the "moral campaign" on which it pretended to be based was undermined. It soon died on the prairie, and the Deasley case was one out of its rubble.

1935: The Case Against Violence

In the spring of 1935, some of the thousands of Canadians who had been deported since 1929 came west on the Depression — carrying between 10 and 20 cents a day on public works projects — returned out of the camps in British Columbia to begin a trek to Ontario. They gathered in Vancouver and began their trek eastward, riding on buses.

It was the first wave of many Canadian politicians and much of the public that the trek was being led by. Anarchists, Communists, Reds — the names were interchangeable — bent on destroying the Canadian way of life. The notion, says Hall, was "a lot of goddam sense" but it was so freely held that the government determined to bring the trek to a stop before it got out of the West.

On June 14, 1,400 trekmen rolled into

Regina on freight cars, dismounted, formed in ranks of four and marched to the station, their temporary campgrounds. Their internal discipline was superb; their behavior without blame, but this didn't keep them from being attacked by gangsters, thieves and radicals and when 5,000 spectators gathered to support the trekmen a simply proved to the town fathers this demonstration was interfering on its foundations. Bands of RCMP and special police were moved into town to block the "obscene" path to the East.

Persecuted by Saskatchewan's Liberal Premier Henry Gardiner to at least 10



ten to the strikers' employers. Prime Minister R. B. Bennett was too Liberal-minded not to invite eight of the leaders to Ottawa. They went, but Bennett turned down all their demands (most of which dealt with conditions in the labor camps, locked them in on economic grounds and attacked their character). The labor returned to Regina in a rage. On June 18, after they had been in Regina two weeks, a group tried to confront the strikers' trek by truck, but were repulsed, and five were arrested.

The leaders called a mass meeting for July 1, and the government decided to use the occasion to strip the strike leaders. They were to be charged with being a seditious association (under a 1918 Ontario-Canada march law) the War Measures Act, the government could make illegal any organization to the left of the Girl Guides, so they might have been arrested anywhere, quietly featured in the gathering cloud of July 1, while strikers, breadless and crowd-shaken in Regina's Market Square, a phalanx of police surrounded one of the strikers at one corner of the square and began driving through the crowd to strike the speaker. At the same time, RCMP marched in vans drawn up

behind the podium, landed out and joined the fray. The strikers broke up and dashed for fence posts, stones and chunks of concrete (which police later said had been piled for just that purpose). A pitched battle broke out, with the police using tear gas, gas sprays, and guns. The strikers used sticks, rocks and fire. Regan attorney Charles Miller, a peace officer, was beaten to the ground and killed. The riot continued for three hours, and came to a climax when police fired into a group of strikers who were attacking on the main street with rocks and clubs. They broke and fled. More than 100 strikers, police and strikers were wounded, half of them seriously enough to require admission to hospital. Five days later the procession returned to their camps.

The police made 138 arrests during the riot, but only enough evidence could be produced to indict 36 men, all of whom were charged with rioting (the charges against the leaders were dropped, none took any part in the riot). Hall was asked to come down from Saskatoon to help P. G. MacKinnon, a noted medical lawyer with the defense, and he accepted gladly. "It was obvious," he says, "that this was a police riot. Until the police charge there wasn't the slightest evidence of wrongdoing or intended wrongdoing on the part of the strikers. Instead of doing anything about the riot, the government stopped their men, camps, and when they bled out a confrontation was provoked."

The trials lasted well into 1938. Five men were acquitted, 12 were dropped for lack of evidence and nine men were convicted and received sentences of up to 18 months. Good news, Hall was unpopular for his role in the defense. "Friends who used to call and invite me to dinner every time I came to Regina suddenly didn't want to see me." But he is proud of his role. "The usual guys weren't getting a fair shake, the whole structure of the law was thrown against a bunch of unfortunate men and men who were not much more than test cases. They were made the victims of conditions that existed in Canada through no fault of their own."

In 1935, Hall's views were marked by today, they represent the mainstream of historical opinion.

1961: The Case For Medicine

When Prime Minister John Diefenbaker appointed his old friend Ernest Hall to head the royal commission on Canada's health services, the medical establishment heaved a sigh of relief. The Ca-

nadian Medical Association had been pressing for an inquiry. Hall believes they hoped it would bring a finding that the health services were in good shape and head off the calumny of Medicare. To those who didn't know him, Hall looked like the perfect candidate for such a finding. He was by now an established Conservative, a good speaker, unassailable, in a 1948 provincial election and had campaigned for Diefenbaker until his election to the provincial bench in 1957 removed him from direct politics. He was chairman of the board of St. Paul's, a private hospital in Saskatoon, as a representative of the hospital he had signed a personal note for one million dollars to help finance a new building there. His son was a prominent doctor. Clearly, Hall could be trusted to smooth the state of medical medicine.

But, of course, he couldn't. He went into the health commission with open eyes and an open mind. His job was to find the best way to bring down health services within the means of all Canadians. By the time the Hall report was tabled in 1964, he was convinced the way lay through massive state intervention. To the delight of the NDP — which had granted his original appointment with contempt — he was one step for a government-run health plan more radical and far-reaching than the CCF had introduced in Saskatchewan more far-reaching, in fact, than anything we have in Canada yet. The Hall report called for universal Medicare, Medicare for schoolchildren and Fluoridation for the old, the needy and the chronically ill. It also suggested more rational use of hospital facilities — Hall is a firm believer in community clinics — and reforms in medical education. By the time the report was finished, the Diefenbaker government had been replaced by the Pearson regime which scrapped some of the proposals but accepted the crucial one — Medicare — and in 1965 Canada moved into a new world of medicine.

Today, it is unreasonable that we could go back to the pre-Medicare days before the medical establishment is coming to grasp the nature that humanity, not a healing world, should be the qualification for skilled treatment.

1966: The Case For The Reform Of Ontario's Educational System

In 1965, the Ontario government asked Lloyd Denny, a prominent educator and Ernest Hall, by now a prominent reformer and a judge of the Supreme Court of Canada, to study the province's educational system and recommend improvements. As usual, Hall answered that the government meant exactly what it said and when the Hall-Denny Report was tabled on June 12, 1966, it proposed a revolution in education. As the

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MIRANDA



The basic weakness with the school system, Hall insists, is that the people who have the most to say about it never see a pupil

Globe and Mail columnist, Judge Emmett Hall and his own home school education on its own exposed the failures of our education system. In the process, he plunged sagely and creatively into the future and unashamedly excavated the epitomes of failures of cold war throughout the educational establishment.

The report proposed abolition of all grades, exams and rigid controls. Instead, there would be a 12-year series of schooling which every child would navigate at his own pace. Never again would an Ontario child come home with a report card titled "Failure." There would be a year of higher education free, the beginnings of free university. Health services would be part of schooling and where necessary, breakfast would be provided. The curriculum would be divided into three areas: environmental studies, civics, economics and the humanities. The teacher would become part of a human and electronic team whose responsibility would be to ensure the right of every child "to learn, to play, to laugh, to dream, to love, to dissent, to reach upward and to be himself."

It was too much too soon. What was wanted was a little judicious pruning, some tinkering with the textbooks, perhaps a few innovative new programs to excite the voters. Instead Hall and Dennis, asked to design a new education system, had done you that Albert Einstein in the classroom, club-inherent instead of it. The government wanted a grassy job on the old Model-T. Hall-Dennis asked, "Wouldn't you really rather have a Road?"

Hall says today that the report was "badly misinterpreted." All publicity seemed to go out of it was pessimism. We said that students were dropping out because they were bored, and should be allowed to move at their own pace. We didn't mean they should pace, we meant their best pace. This got exaggerated into the notion that they shouldn't have to work. We were against too rigid controls, and that got translated into all kinds of excuses, instead of sound basic education, every damn thing under the sun."

In the short run, the report stifled and Hall blames himself in part "We said that the report should be accepted or rejected as a whole, but in essence that's not the way politics works."

But the long-run impact is still working through the educational system, not only in Ontario but in most provinces. The streamlining of students, de-emphasis

of exams and softening of over-rigid controls are becoming standard in Canadian schools, although keeping standards in education is still a major problem.

"You start with the fact," says Hall, "that small children have to go to school; they can't get enough of it. But by grade six or seven, they have already begun to lose interest." To restore that kind of mental love of learning, he believes, requires a fundamental restructuring of teaching and administration, starting with a basic workman. "The people who have the most to say about what goes on in the schools never see a pupil."

1975: The Case For The Rights Of The Natives Indians of British Columbia



have occupied the some 4,300 square miles of land around the Nass river along Canada's north Pacific coast from time immemorial. They have never sold their heritage nor traded it. They have never been conquered, they never signed a treaty — as did many other tribes — nor recognizing their land to the Canadian government. Accordingly, officers of the Natives had to bring a person before the Supreme Court asking for a declaration "that the aboriginal title has never been extinguished."

In January, 1973, the Supreme Court handed down its verdict: the native title had been extinguished because Canada had already passed numerous laws so that native title could not. Aboriginal rights were a dead letter. But there was a minority judgment, written by Hall, and concurred in by William Stent and Ben Lockie, and to the end it was thus daunting view that prevailed.

What was involved was not a matter of national or tribal pride but in issue of fundamental importance to Canada's insurance development since so many projects — from James Bay, Quebec, to

the BC interior — straddle lands on which there are aboriginal claims. The finding of the Supreme Court majority had the enormous advantage of convenience: it would be so much simpler if the aboriginal rights were sold and did not have to be dealt with. The finding of the majority had led and will lead to a number of problems and disputes for Canadian insurers. Hall as usual came down for a compromise and a quiet.

"The whole case went in there and 'discovered' the place," he says, "but the Indians had been living there for hundreds of years." The matter then could be extinguished by a sale or treaty or by conquest. It could not be extinguished by saying there was no such thing.

Hall points out "We were not arguing that the government can't take over land for the use of the people of Canada. Of course it has that right and exercises it every day in expropriation procedures. What we were saying was that if the government wanted the land it would have to deal with the owners, there was a native right there that couldn't be overlooked."

Fortunately, after the initial shock wore off, the Trades government agreed to look more deeply into the aboriginal rights question. Because the Court had split 4-3 and one judge had sided with the majority on technical grounds, the case was not closed. Negotiations with the Indians were begun, and the case set a precedent for every aboriginal claim in Canada. He now knows how much it will cost and how long it will take to sort out all the complications raised by Natives. Hall doesn't know, and doesn't much care. What he does know, and does care about, is that when the eventual settlement is reached it will serve both law and equity. "Of all the judgments I ever wrote, there was none I worked so hard on, or took so much satisfaction from as Natives."

1975: Future Case
Canada's highway had barely settled back into place after Natives when Hall retired and left Ottawa to return to Saskatchewan. He came home, however, not to settle down but to start raising hell on new decisions. He was called in to rehearse the 1973 national railway strike (after the family moved West in 1910 Hall's father worked as a railway clerk, and the judge had a personal understanding of the railway worker's role). He assailed the unions more than perhaps had allowed in the legislation that ended the strike. Then he was asked to study the Saskatchewan court system,

"How I stopped flying fighters and started building tomorrows."

Sun Life representative John Ley reminisces with the indomitable Fairley Firefly



John Ley has done it all.

In 1942 he found himself bobbing about, oil-soaked, in the wreckage of an aircraft carrier in the Mediterranean.

In 1944, he ended up on the beaches of D-Day, as navigator of a group of thirty landing craft.

In between and after, he flew everything he could get his hands on, from the incredible Fairley Firefly you see here, to carrier-based jets.

Then he commanded a frigate. Excitement isn't new to John Ley. For 25 years it was his normal fare.

And when he finally swallowed the anchor, John kept up his level of excitement, but in a different way. John Ley became a Sun Life Tomorrow Builder.

"A career in life insurance with Sun Life means constant exposure to people. And people are about the only things left in our world that are different, all different."

Not all our representatives fly music aircraft.

But each and every one has the

John Ley fascination for people.

At Sun Life, we are particular about the people we hire.

We actively search them out from success in other fields.

Our contribution to their success is to school them in the complex field of life insurance.

To arm them with plans that can help people, can help build better tomorrows.

But the fascination, the love of people, we don't teach.

We find.

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The tomorrow builders.

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Recognized around the world, this distinguished Scotch Whisky blend is consistently fine in its quality and authority. Any time you drink it, Dewar's tastes the same. In any country you drink it, Dewar's means the same... this proud name needs no translation. So, be sure of getting the authentic Scotch, wherever you go. Before you say "Scotch", say "Dewar's".

The Scotch... it never varies

Overlaid, Mineral and Sealed in Coalbeds

"Our legal system is of no use to the poor"

and brought in a report recommending wide-ranging reforms, including the up-grading of magistrates' courts, abolition of the system of levying court costs against the accused (which obviously works hardest against the poor), and an open system under which the poor can work off fines in community jobs rather than go to jail for failure to pay. A contingent payment on family costs suggested a unified body to deal with all family matters, in place of a hodgepodge of civil and criminal jurisdictions. The Southafrican government accepted the reports in principle, and pilot projects to test the fine-option system and unified family court proposals are on the way.

With these major projects out of the way, Hall has turned to what may be his greatest task: setting out legal approaches to social equity. No one has asked him to take on the job, it's something he has been commissioned to do. He has been asked to write a study on the regularity amount to a rough-and-ready analysis of present society. Our legal system is of an use to the poor, says Hall, "and a decent standard of living is one as a legal right." That sounds like radical stuff, but for Hall it is a simple outgrowth of the basic principles of the rights of man. Freedom and equity are very fine things in legal theory, but "of what use is freedom to a starving man?" Or — a letter posted up in the Regina riot cases — "What good is the freedom of the press to a starving man?" The world is of course too tolerant to tolerate a social and economic structure in which crime is an inevitable by-product, and that cannot those forced policy to conditions that will further crime and so on.

As usual, Hall's unrightward approach leads to a call for major alterations, fit, in short, "the structuring of a society that willingly distributes its wealth equitably to its citizens."

Although a bit less than a full page (just as a declaration of bias at eight inches across the Canadian construction), Hall is pretty vague about exactly how to build such a society. He is a reserved judge not a prescriptive politician. But he does list specifics to avoid and clarify young lawyers are taking up the challenge. He wants them to use three legal weapons, not as a license to make money but as a tool with which to remind society closer to the ideals of justice, equity and freedom. In the meantime, he works away unobtrusively in his back-bench Saskatoon study. His next argument should be a dilly. ☐

AM

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JULY HIGHLIGHTS

FM

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PLEASE NOTE that weekend program times are subject to change and all programs are heard one-half hour later in Newfoundland. Up-to-the-minute information about evening programs on CBC Radio can be heard each weekday morning just before THE WORLD AT NIGHT and THE AFTERNOON NEWS. Please check your telephone listings for CBC Radio listings and times.

ENGLAND: STEVEN

1946	Reyes Valley	1140	Johnny	740	Torres	1010	Galaxy	1340	Yellowknife	911	Torres
1150	Conte Blvd.	1110	Friedlander	1540	Plaster	740	Edmonton	1310	Whitehorse	1613	Werner
1450	Georgie	1010	Wesley	800	Thurston Bay	840	Puget Sound			13617	Werner
1474	Grand Falls	1110	Solo Int'l.	1120	Fort Churchill	860	Wessex	913 PM 1400/1440		13618	St. John
1478	St. John's	940	Moskowitz	900	Wilmington	1110	Procter Bay	913	Montreal	1013	Goldberg
1493	Holika	910	O'Brien	1470	Bayona	1010	Norsk	1013	Winnipeg	1321	Goldberg

The New York Times

De... the Next Year'
Midway Comedy



IT NEVER RAINS ON BERNIE SLADE

Except, maybe, pennies from heaven

BY MARCI McDONALD

The morning is bright out of Noel Simon. The curtain rises on a wampy, \$300-a-day Central Park hotel suite swish in hysterical victory hoopla. Champagne goblets teeter over subpoenas. Congratulatory telegrams litter the upholstery. Early morning newspaper

newsmen are being loaded like Tiffany's flares and over them all like a battle flag one jubilant man waves the big pale omnipotent star of Clive Barnes on the New York Times. It is the war hero of the evening after the opening night before the high tide of celebration: the whole room turns to toast Bernard Slade whose first Broadway play, *Some Time, Next Year*, has just been hailed by Barnes as "an extraordinary evening," a "wonderfully confounded cake" and "the funniest comedy about love and adultery to come Broadway's way in years." It is all too good to be true: It is beyond Bernard Slade's wildest dreams, the doors discharging through the crowd, when suddenly his wife Jill gets this hornful look on her face.

She has been having this same nightmare for years. Their \$350,000 hillside house with the ocean view in Los Angeles' leafy Brentwood flashes through her mind. Their private championship tennis court. Their swimming pool like Bernice Her Mercedes. Their two gorgeous kids. Their happy 25-th marriage. Their only \$300,000 a year! Her eyes open wide with terror as the tears to her husband.

"Bern," she says, "Bern, real life isn't like this. I mean, so we married all this time to like my children, to love everything we love — and now this. We're too lucky. Bern, something terrible must be going to happen to us!"

Bernard Slade acts across a peak hotel suite, and tries to think of something terrible that has ever happened to him. He ponders his model, but it offers up no consolation. He pulls on his pipe, but still he cannot summon up a single

personal tragedy. "I mean, I lost last week at tennis," he says, "and a friend said, 'That's probably the worst thing that's happened to you in a year.'"

Ever since he snuck out of the Brooks Atkinson Theatre that opening night last March, stuck back to his hotel suite to play his harmonica and took away every line of the play's dialogue with the second hand on his watch, running his wife back to the theatre for the closing night with impudence. Bernie Slade has had this same feeling that he's got this part in a play about a playwright who has suddenly woken up to find himself the cost of Broadway. He has had his last unshared by Richard Avedon for Vogue, his life story associated by the New York Times. He has been nominated for a Tony award, credited with helping the play's star, Elton Binstock, win hers and, with agent agency gloriously reporting that *Some Time, Next Year* is sold out till the same time next year, he has found himself slated as the new star of that eternally expiring novel, *The Great White Way*. Actually there are 14 international companies waiting at the wings, one opening in Toronto this winter, movie rights being scrambled for and grossed whop-whop enough to let Bernie Slade sit back and say, as he does now, "I won't have to write the rest of my life."

It is a lovely story, a heartwarming story the kind of story to inspire the headlines ST. CATHARINES ROY MAKES GOOD IN BIG TIME and FROM THE BANKS OF THE WILLAND CANAL TO BROADWAY! The trouble is this seems to be one elegant evening from that particular story. For it is a Cinderella story without the underdog, a tale of riches to riches.

As Bernie Slade admits "I don't really need the money. I think I've done quite a little and bought a few houses — a few."

When the curtain went up opening night at the Brooks Atkinson, Bernie Slade was already safely ensconced as

the king of the Hollywood TV sitcom playwrights, the fountain pen that could take the most improbable idea known to the mind of man and firmly mold it into a laugh track paved with gold. *The Flying Saucer*, *The Kennedy Family*, *Love On A Soapbox*, *Knickerbocker*, *Love, Simon*. He was a serious idea man, writing millions. These plays a year at \$25,000 a play, whether they made the air or not. If they did, the royalties at up to \$2,000 an episode just added in like some guaranteed minimum savings plan. In 15 years he had eight plays sold as screen, a record first still stands. He was the best there was at it — the best poet, the best screen and the best man to get a show on the air.

Not that you would ever know any of that from the severest playwright at the Brooks Atkinson Theatre. There are 25 lines devoted to Bernard Slade, playwright, and not a single one of them is much, so delicately whippers the words "Hollywood," "TV" or "The Flying Saucer." "We just left them out," he admits. "Deliberately. It looks as if I were running out of the Canadian woods. But a friend in California had warned me beforehand, 'Don't even tell the hell they're from California. They'll go home and you'll be sorry.'"

The question is whether there was a mob story here in the mind of Bernard Slade. Was he ashamed of what he's done? Of, as he keeps saying, some of the best comedy writing is now being done for TV, TV was always very good to him, he even loved the money, the security and the commercialism of TV. Four days later Bernard Slade finally admits the mob story may have been in his mind. "The closest I came to being mobbified was when I wouldn't tell

Marci McDonald is an associate editor and a senior writer for *Nation's*

CONFESSIONS OF A CAMP COUNSELOR

How I misspent my summer vacations
BY RICK SALUTIN

I was the 800-ton. During those years I used helplessly stand in crime and sinners, from September through June. But each summer I escaped. I fled north, to work in the Highlands of Highlands, Ontario. To Camp White Pine.

White Pine was not a typical summer camp. It was a "camp." A unique experience in small-group living," and the interbed. It was so unique it is hard now for me to believe that it existed at all. I recall it largely to reassure myself that a war really was.

There are events and reflections. Ponderable I never wrote. From Camp White Pine.

Day one of the season. The train has left Union Station. They are on the way. First every day, Jolo photos on.

"Sarah Debraum from Kinky 15 to Blue Dolphin 12."

"But Joe — then he won't be with his cousin Sampanow."

"I just found out he's been here."

And out goes an emergency crew to transfer Debraum's trailer, so that, when this little crew arrives, he won't write home to his parents that we almost put him with this *stupid* job of a cousin.

The train jolts on. Debraum is visible as Jolo sits in the club car like Tronky on his train dispatching instructions. "Ore ore Edward Rosegardien" there four feet, two inches of Rosegardien. "Edward, I know I said you would be with House Debraum. But one of the purposes of camp is to meet new people and learn to live with them."

Jolo is an engineer and White Pine is his empire. He rules by a kind of divine right. When he bought this place for the sons and daughters of wealthy Torontoans, it was beside Huronville Lake. His first act was to redesign it like Lake Placid. Now, let them be workhorses.

I am in charge of 10 12-year-olds

boys. We call them Gays, pronounced g'noose. (The other sections, ranging in age from eight to 18, are Kinky, Kinky, Dolphin, and two — for Training Village.) The crew of mine will play baseball, they will abide upon instruction, they will tolerate criticism, but they decide campers.

I smile. I enter. I measure. I hear. Finally they are there.

Like the Tappan: "Okay. You guys are so smart. What's (holding up the helix of an axe) that?"

Acrophony. Every possible response except the correct one.

Lat. "I thought you knew everything there was to know about campers."

"It's not that we don't know," explains spokesman Paul. "Can. 'It's just that we're marinatee.'"

A trip. The boys lie in their socks under the sky. The fan dying. A pendulum in the air — an owl swoops down, into the center of our campers' wings spread wide. I search a paddle and leap over a canoe into the middle of the circle of my campers. The owl flew upward. "What's wrong?" anguishes Robbie. I stand around, holding the paddle. "Nothing." I say stupidly.

I hold my bag over beside him. "I'm scared," he doesn't say. "Risk?"

"Hail!"

"I'm afraid everybody else will fall asleep before I do. And then I'll be so frightened because I'm the only one awake that I'll never fall asleep."

"I'll stay awake till you fall asleep." "Really?" (suspiciously)

"If you don't fall asleep we'll both stay up all night." He has given me a chance to calm one of my own innocent fears — in someone else — in a way that no one ever calmed it in me. I'm grateful for that.

As we talk of beans and junior lights, the sky seems to brighten. Neither of us remembers it for a while. Then it suddenly glows. It's the first time either of us have

seen the Northern Lights. I'll see them every seven years. Some nights I'll read and write by them. But I see them only in the summer. People who live here year-round tell me that in the winter the lights are colored. They bring their shoes out of doors and watch the lights the way we do in the city watch television.

V.D., in the kids call it. Voodoo's Day. They begin arriving in the early noon. Jolo stations staff members up the road that winds the rule into camp from the highway. He holds them back. By now, every such of that route is backed up. Meanwhile each cabin is being cleaned, each shelf straightened. Last night — a turkey dinner. The hawk — chicken and cheese sandwiches — chosen that can be confidently held down.

One o'clock precisely. Out from house. They stream out of the dining hall. Down with the banners, persons abundant their cars and pour into camp. They rush at each other, from opposite sides of the playing field, one wave rolling toward another, droplets seeking out their like — entered till they meet, leap into one another's arms, bubble, "How are you? How are you? I'm fine, how are you?" And then.

Silence. Often, that said it all. Jolo in his compassion, in his Semitic Buddha-like wisdom, had limited V.D. to two and a half hours. Often even that was an ordeal of accommodation for those involved.

House the food. Jolo for his own reasons silently and tyrannically forbade gifts of food from parents to outposts. No Nothing. Nerves. They get enough to eat, he insisted, and that was certainly more than true. Breakfast, lunch, afternoon snack, supper, evening snack, counselors' snack, etc.

But all the more did those parents

Rick Salutin is a playwright and an editor of the periodical, *The Magazine*.



ILLUSTRATION BY RICK SALUTIN

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Donna and I have worked together and slept together this summer, her first affair during marriage. Her husband doesn't know

that dressing is the ones for Jole. The rest he can do. But his vision is that a new Black Hole of Calcutta, even market, will foster up there in the Training Village of no sleeping is enforced. As though all humanity's secret yearning against which only ritual vigilance will prevail, is to revel in filth. That is their right! I argue passionately. With great difficulty, he acquiesces.

For the next three summers, Jole consistently will. I am convinced, consciously evades any system of the camp. He is not inclined to bring order of everything in his camp, but he knows that if he knows what is going on up there — unmade beds, inactive campers — it will become subversive to him. It will go or he simply will go, or he will go. So he chooses himself to guarantee a generous act, I feel.

I got married at White Pine. Or rather in a day off. (A more normal day off must be Sunday at the Haidmarket, Laidmarket, better said at the Kazy Kazyer, dinner at Sir Sam's Inn, and a movie in the Moleks.) We'd set the wedding for just past the summer, but the thought of two weeks in Toronto in September to be relatives and double party and the wedding. So we journeyed a mile the middle of the camp season, after Melissa's five-day camp trip and before the Giza River. We got two days off to go into Toronto and do the deed and half the day. That last night we had salad, said Commander On A Hot Tax Road. (If anyone wants to know how it's played, they should write White Pine.)

Something was missing deep deep down because the day before I showed out everyone in camp from the results to the Kazy. That last night we had salad, said Commander On A Hot Tax Road. (If anyone wants to know how it's played, they should write White Pine.)



But into the porch of the Red Hall stepped Charlie Pachter, it is a crowd inside from the costume rack in the Omani. But he ran (Pachter's Equity) and covered "Rock Solon, This Is Your Life!" Vision of my most handsome aunt and uncle, just up in Toronto, and through a rocky curtain look from the screen dressed to resemble them. Then a "reception," catered by "Aunt" Minda of the kitchen, who really did cater weddings and her maidens in the city. Little circles, sandwiches, and punch. The look, look, look. They gave me the best review I ever had for an evening program. I could have kept them happy all summer if I had a wedding every week.

Next day I went into Toronto and got married. It was a White Pine first. Jole liked to say. But then the divorce would have been one as well.

This summer Jole asked Peggy and Bernice to take a New (light-year-old) boys' club. He proposed there a washroom night in the cabin so they would not have to run a commercial service back and forth to the men washhouse. When the season opened they had the boys, but not the bathroom. This morning they discovered a trail — a big one — in the shape of the floor of their cabin after the little ones had tried off in unobscured sweat. It was disgusting. They talked to Dick. Dick had the cabin and said to them: He said he would talk to the boys tonight.

Dick is a rabbinical student from Cincinnati. He has had courses in psychology and pastoral counseling. He came in a bedroom and asked Peg and Bernice to leave. They listened from the porch.

"Now guys," said Dick, "this morning one of you did a very bad thing. I am not going to say what it was, because I am sure you all know, and I'm not going to make you feel it, but the one who did it knows who he is, and I want to know too. Now I'm not going to make you speak up in front of the other guys. I'm going to come around to all your beds and give each of you a chance to tell me in a whisper whether it was the one who did it. And I promise: I won't tell anyone else. But as for the guy who did it and admits it to me, I want you all to know that I will really, really respect him."

Then Dick padded from bed to bed, looking down in a room a whisper of acknowledgment from each of them. Peggy and Bernice waited nervously. Dick stopped outside. When the cabin was hushed.

"Well?" they said.

"Four of them confessed," said Dick. "I guess they all want me to respect them."

It is the end of a summer. I ride into Haidmarket with the kids, to the main station, see them onto the train. Almost everyone is riding it in. I am not. (At Union Station in Toronto, Jole will lead this herd into the Waiting Room, like the Grand Marshall of a parade. When he steps down this ramp, the parents will explode in an applause.)

The train pulls away. I stride over to the liquor store, buy a pint of apocryphal brandy and begin to walk the five miles back to camp, where I will pick up my things. I will retrace the trip, across the fields and out of town. A cup of tea is set upon. On the far side of the bay I stop off the highway and squat on a rock, watch the train pulling out of sight across the water. A car stops behind me. It's Tom and Donna. Donna and I have worked together and slept together this summer. Her first affair during her marriage. She "vodka's" help herself. It went not a lot, not threatening to either of us. Nice though. Tom "doesn't know."

My wife is somewhere in Europe. We are engaged in our first separation, also it should be noted now. I am very lonely. Not for someone in particular, just alone, tasting that fearful state the inception of which kept me in the workshop as long as I lasted. I tell them the little bottle of apocryphal brandy. They decline. We shake hands. Donna and I exchange a sad smile. They pile into their Volvo and head for Pennsylvania.

I tumble on up the road. The bottle is glowing lighter, so am I.

Black vision another car. It's Barbara and Max. God love them. Warm Barbara, looney Max, the New Zealand artist. They shared a staff cabin with me. At 7 p.m. one night, Max belched across the partition. "Barbra, do you believe Choni was King of the Jews?" I told him a good answer, but I forget it now.

This there a way. As they approach, Max thanks me. For making back to camp drinking a half-bottle of booze. It's third something in him. He knows me of wherever we meet again. In the National Gallery in Ottawa, for example, which Max sweeps through saying, "I'd like one up there. I think I saw them, and one."

By here, I am off the highway into the wooded canopy of trees that lines the side of running road into the camp, where I will pick up my own belongings and then head for the city. I am feeling amiable. ☺



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One Man's

Family



Sir John Chalker Crosbie*
Mitchell Ann Samuel Crosbie*



Nina Crosbie Bennett
(Frank Bennett)
Jack Bennett
Margaret (Mickey) Bennett Haas



Elin (Dolly) Crosbie Carlson
(Jack Carlson)
Mildred Ann Carlson McBurn



Chesley Crosbie*
(Lucile Curdell)
Andrew Crosbie
John Crosbie * Jane Crosbie Justice



Vera Crosbie Perlin*
(Albert Perlin)
Ann Perlin Harney
George Perlin * John Perlin



George Crosbie
(Annie Warren)
Diane Crosbie Craft
Gillian Crosbie Hazenble
Deborah Crosbie Powers



John (Jack) Crosbie*
(Dorothy Shaver)
John (Dr. Jack) Crosbie
Roger Crosbie * Peter Crosbie
Douglas Crosbie



Margaret Crosbie



Edith Crosbie Paschke
(Sir Robert Paschke)
Sally Ann Paschke Ashworth



Percy M. Crosbie*
(Ella Lunn)
James Crosbie * Colin Crosbie



Olga Crosbie Ayre
(Lewis Ayre)
Mildred Ayre
Paschke Ayre Rowe



Alexander Harris (Bill) Crosbie
(Gertrude Harris)
Ann Crosbie Maly
Andrew Crosbie * William Crosbie
David Crosbie * Paul Crosbie

THE CROSBIES DON'T SPEAK ONLY TO GOD

They have other friends

BY HARRY BRUCE

It is a bright evening as late as an evening of fat, staid, middle-aged men in midtown St. John's and Mrs. Gertrude Murray Crosbie is departing for dinner with her husband. A 16 "Bill" Crosbie (who won the DSD about 30 years back) and an hefty personage who is both a Murray and a Crosbie and therefore one of the richest ladies in all Newfoundland, she is lean, elegant, summary. "I do hope," she says with a friendly, weary intelligence, "that you won't see that awful chick, that we're a family of 'marche' people." We've had quite enough of that.

Bill has already visited the Crosbies when he was in Newfoundland group a former making them out to be Bill is a great, happy, rich man, but with his South. "I hope to come back about the swimming pools," he tells a friend later. "They always treat about swimming pools." Crosbie, per capita, have a probably more swimming pools than most Newfoundlanders.

Others among the older Crosbies and their spouses are less than voracious for food publicity. Albert Perlin, for instance. He married Bill's older sister, the late Vera Crosbie Perlin, and, in powerful contrast to his more active, he directs equally the compasses of politics and the money-grubbing of business. He is truly a gentleman-journalist. Perlin writes for the St. John's Daily News (which his wife's nephew, Andrew Crosbie, now happens to own), and his press has appeared in St. John's on virtually every publishing day since Joe Smallwood was a teen-ager. He's also a formidable expert on Newfoundland history and he says, "Yes, they're an interesting family and colorful lot, you know they don't love Newfoundland." A lot of people think they do.

Why? If Perlin is right how could Ray Guy have said, "This country is now in the hands of God Almighty and Andy Crosbie?" For many years Guy wrote a daily column for the St. John's Evening Telegram, and, for his last column, he wrote a full study of the Crosbie family in Newfoundland. He once wrote the only Newfoundlanders who'd suffer from a provincial election would be "the Crosbie brothers who'll have to look out a few contemptible millionaires in some change to look up the Crosbie again." Guy is Newfoundland's most accurate expression of the suspicion that, as water what party takes power, the Crosbies always win. The background to this suspicion is as complex as the history of Newfoundland. Its roots are nearly 70 years old.

Sir John Crosbie, a cradle of generations ago, a St. John's newspaper published a headline in which Sir John Crosbie visited the Pope to look for a will, his brother. The headline about Sir John, particularly among other important to find his suggestion he was an opportunist rather than a gentleman and his style was more empty than refined.

Could be. And it could be, too, that Sir John was a man of the world in the business world of pre-Confederation Newfoundland. Bill Crosbie has a faded poster showing the proud fish of dozens of fish and trading companies that operated off the St. John's waterfront in the first decades of this century. He has a large flag on each flag. This one's gone. That's gone. That one's gone. All but a handful have disappeared and, while some were going, only a few for John was becoming Newfoundland's biggest exporter in brand of salt cod.

Joe Smallwood has given Newfoundland the unlikely notion that the "wealthy provinces" of western St. John's are as tedious, tedious, monotonous, and as tedious as Texas whose sole purpose is to bleed (and Newfoundland is thereby turn themselves into millionaires. Bill Crosbie, and others, say the reason is a lie.

"Regardless of the Smallwood myth," Bill says, "Newfoundland is not at all on this island. The idea that there are more millionaires here than in Texas

is a stupid, stupid notion. There are no millionaires here. It is something in the Smallwood myth. I discuss the fact that the making world in which Sir John and his sons competed was among the most cut-throat in the world. Anyone who could build a business empire there could probably do it anywhere. "There's a saying," Albert Perlin recalls. "It's that there's more rapine on Water Street over there than there is over 25 centuries." Sir John had grown into his business that, within three hours of his death in 1932, five million went out from rival fish merchants (a St. John's, and the west end, in effect, "Sir John is dead. There's no one else capable of running his business so how about buying your fish from me?" Now then is complete).

John Chalker Crosbie — his mother was a Chalker and Chalkers are still active in Newfoundland politics — was born in Brega on Conception Bay in 1836, the son of a British planter. His father died when he was 16 and he immediately left school to manage the family hotel in downtown St. John's (This institution survives today as the Wilkes Hotel, a curious, friendly, rambling joint whose elevator would almost surely in the town of any other place.) By the time he was 24, he'd founded Crosbie and Company, whose main stock-in-trade were fish and salt-cod. He had also sold salted Maida (a St. John's) There is a fairly photograph of the young couple, they are in handsome and competent-looking a pair as they're likely to see in any form of the century snapshots.

The Murders, like the Chalkers, had come to Newfoundland from Devonshire. There were at least 10 of them at Exmouth, in North Devon Bay, in 1877, and most were "planters," which meant

That is the ground of two articles on the Crosbies by Harry Bruce, a frequent contributor to Mischief's

is used (and used) by the...

But even if there is something in the Smallwood myth, I discuss the fact that the making world in which Sir John and his sons competed was among the most cut-throat in the world. Anyone who could build a business empire there could probably do it anywhere. "There's a saying," Albert Perlin recalls. "It's that there's more rapine on Water Street over there than there is over 25 centuries." Sir John had grown into his business that, within three hours of his death in 1932, five million went out from rival fish merchants (a St. John's, and the west end, in effect, "Sir John is dead. There's no one else capable of running his business so how about buying your fish from me?" Now then is complete).

John Chalker Crosbie — his mother was a Chalker and Chalkers are still active in Newfoundland politics — was born in Brega on Conception Bay in 1836, the son of a British planter. His father died when he was 16 and he immediately left school to manage the family hotel in downtown St. John's (This institution survives today as the Wilkes Hotel, a curious, friendly, rambling joint whose elevator would almost surely in the town of any other place.) By the time he was 24, he'd founded Crosbie and Company, whose main stock-in-trade were fish and salt-cod. He had also sold salted Maida (a St. John's) There is a fairly photograph of the young couple, they are in handsome and competent-looking a pair as they're likely to see in any form of the century snapshots.

The Murders, like the Chalkers, had come to Newfoundland from Devonshire. There were at least 10 of them at Exmouth, in North Devon Bay, in 1877, and most were "planters," which meant

That is the ground of two articles on the Crosbies by Harry Bruce, a frequent contributor to Mischief's

Sir John founded a butter company, then the government in which he held considerable power slapped a tariff on butter imports

they were independent fishermen who owned their own schooners. John and Michelle Ann Maclellan married in England. An elderly remembrance that John was "constantly and in black pants and white bowties, and that the new arrivals were the first people to walk over the new drawbridge that linked the two islands as Exiles."

John was his first release in 1900 and he became in '13, he was a cabinet minister in the government of Sir Edward Miers. "Newfoundland governments," S. J. R. Noel writes in his book *Politics in Newfoundland* (1977), had rarely if ever been purges of political probity, but by 1900 there were opportunities for corruption on a scale little understood of And the "new men" were not the sort to let opportunities slip." The way the government demanded inflated salaries, for instance, was a glaring example of political pay-off. "Sir John, of course, would not have agreed. 'The people demanded the highest level,' he said, "and the people will have them. The voice of the people at the ballot is God."

In 1903 Sir John — already a shipowner, English international trader, insurance agent, major ship merchant and Newfoundland of powerful political influence — founded the Newfoundland Water Company. S. J. R. Noel writes in his book *Politics in Newfoundland* (1977), that the government of which he was himself a lumbar, promptly raised the duties on imported butter and margarine. But his main objection was local anyway, and the company was incorporated in a government loan that Sir John's own business survey and suggesting capacity for work. Morning after morning he and his sons went to work at the millstone plant before dawn. Jack Maclellan, who's worked for assorted Crookes for 50 years, remembers Sir John standing around his burning wharf each morning at 5 a.m. with a red nose in his lapel.

Sir John was only 56 when he died in 1913. Crank as he was, the Depression had displaced his fortune and he had no real estate. What he did leave was 11 sons and daughters. Some of the sons, and some of their children, continued his confidence in the business, doing his belly good looks, his line for success and his gambling strength. His first wife of the connection between political influence and giving risk and, finally, his interest that to survive in the struggle by his efforts in the Order of Canada, and she held an honorary degree from Memorial University. There

were three children. Ann, who married and lived in England; John, who is director of Newfoundland's national affairs; and George. George is a political science professor at Queen's University. He is known as a little arrogant about certain Crookes and their politics — both inside and outside the family — and, though hardly a close black sheep, he is an outsider like his mother in Martin's house, but not connected with Crookes' politics and contacts.

Elis (Dolly) Crooke married to Jack Carleton, a bank manager. Their daughter, Michelle Ann, is married to a doctor and lives in Ontario.

Charles A. Crooke, who was the first son and, after Sir John died, the one who came closest to being head of the family. Everyone liked him. Old Jack MacDonald, who now lives as a boy on St. John's wharf, says simply that he was a great man. Crooke's son, Andrew, says he was so charming he "could get away with murder." But he worked hard and played hard. Crooke's brother-in-law, Albert Pettit, says he had enormous financial courage. He was hasty, a builder, an entrepreneur who cared for the good of the country (on Newfoundland, more often than not). "The country" still means Newfoundland.

And Joe Maclellan, whose many sons always held a large foundation for Crooke, says the senior Crooke had thousands of friends throughout the island. In tribute to Crooke's habit of backing Newfoundland's business units, Maclellan refers to "the big hairy and two daughters are Jane and Margaret (Maclellan) who is married. She's a helper for the Agri family's department store empire but as you'll soon discover, the connections between Crookes and Agri are closer than that. Margaret is the widow of Lord Hamilton. He was a son of Charles Hamilton, who was one of the first Crookes in Newfoundland.

Yvonne Crooke (John's wife of Albert Pettit), had white, curly hair, fair skin and spectacles. Her first was possibly strong intelligent. She married nearly 50 years ago and, during their courtship she told him she'd never use a perfume. Perhaps the was thinking of his father. "Ma for I'm concerned," says Pettit, who is currently no Crookes. "My wife did more than all the rest of them." He refers to her as a kind of living saint and graduate activist in the movement to build schools for Newfoundland's interior.

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Marrying well really isn't a Crosby plot: if love can be found on the outpost beaches, why not beside a private swimming pool?

nobody here will ever need a swimming pool — but their treatment of workers may not be totally aboveboard. George, on his father's personal policies. "He told me that over the years you appreciate your machinery and provide repairs and maintenance. So what about the house element? They wear out, too." George suffered a heart attack only two days after he retired from the Newfoundland Margaret's company.

Back in July of 1961, George's name flared briefly on the national scene, and in a characteristically Crosby way Crookes have nearly fared being the odd man out in a controversy. In this case, nine out of 10 directors of the Bank of Canada refused to keep James Crooke as the bank governor. The Deftonbaker government was leaning on them heavily to boost him. The bank man was George Crosby. He said the government was named for James Crooke's occupation was "unnecessary, unpatriotic, excessive."

George and Audrey Crosby live in St. John's, comfortably of course. They have three married daughters. One in England, Gillian in Florida, Deborah in St. John's.

John (Jack) Crookes, whom Albert Perla remembers as "half of the cash" graduated from the University of Toronto as a Bachelor of Science in Agriculture in 1916, and promptly joined the family butter company. He took over its dairy operation, and regularly visited the company's 60 suppliers of milk. When the latter interest bought control of the company Jack, like George, remained on the board. He was Technical Director Jack married a girl from a well-to-do Ontario family. They had four sons. John, known to the family as "Dr. Jack," who is indeed a medical doctor. Roger, the daughter of a Master of Business Administration degree, who has risen fast in the mortgage company and is now its Technical Director. Peter, who runs his own trucking and taxi business, and young Douglas. These father died more than a dozen years ago.

Margaret Crosby never married. She lives in Montreal.

Edith Crosby married Robert Panchuk, a British dentist and surgeon who was at the siege of Malta and Constantinople. Sir Robert Panchuk died. The Panchuks live in Ireland.

Percy M. Crosby, who died in April, was the president of Crookes and Company, insurance agents, ship agents, ship brokers. It's a kind of flagging among the family firms, and goes back to St. John's richest business families. Percy

joined it in 1931. His nephew Andrew (that's Che's second boy) is now president. His brother-in-law and his son James are all on the board. Percy was the chief business brain of Crookes Shipping and, with Andrew, of Eastern Provincial Airways and Newfoundland Engineering and Construction Co. Ltd., which controls most of the other companies in the expanding Crosby empire.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Crosby had two sons: James, who's with Crookes and Co., and Colin, who's with Climo Shipping.

Olga Crosby (below) married Louis Ayre, a member of one of New-



foundland's oldest, wealthiest, richest, best-known and most prolific manufacturing families. The first Ayre store opened on Water Street in 1876 and the Crookes by contract with the Ayres are significant in Newfoundland history. There was an Ayre in the House of Assembly three years before Sir John was born. For generations, Ayres have probably involved themselves in virtually every aspect of Newfoundland trade, and Olga's husband, Louis, is one of the dominant Ayres of our own time. They have two children: Miller Ayre, whose position in the family business is lefty, and Penelope Penelope is the wife of William Kow, the son of a former Smallwood cabinet minister and himself a prominent Liberal politician.

Alexander Harris Crookes is better known as just plain Bill. The last of Sir John's children, Bill is the one who has been among them. For service in a tank regiment, he emerged from World War II with a DSO. Then he married Gertrude Murray, whose maternal background is both aristocratic and impressive. Gertrude's mother, Ayres, was one of three beautiful daughters of a famous man-

ufacturer named Miller Ayres married an Ayre but he was one of four Ayres who died on July 1, 1966 in the Battle of the Somme. The young widow later married a Murray.

Now this fellow was no commercial cloch himself. He had a highly successful fish business and substantial interests in lumber, fishing, international trade. Today the chief concerns of A. H. Murray Company Limited are building, supply and industrial machinery. Its president is none other than Bill Crosby, husband to the late, elegant, sumptuous lady whose mother was a Miller and then an Ayre, and then a Murray, and who's now told of child-ridden stories about family dynasties of "merchandise prices" in St. John's Newfoundland. And despite Bill's insistence that Smallwood and others have grossly exaggerated the wealth of such people as himself, there's a suspicion in St. John's that the Bill Crosby is an actually richer than other Crookes. They have five children.

The pattern is clear. It is no perfect. There are those who are outside this one. There are those who left the island. Certain older Crookes are a bit jaded about their own younger Crookes. There are Crookes within the pattern who would rather not discuss Crookes who are not. But the pattern is clear: it is a picture of rare ambition.

Crookes light to excel in business and in Newfoundland, but not anywhere else in Canada, dramatic business success depends on government money. Therefore, Crookes light, so, on the political frame of the province. Both secretly and openly. To complete the pattern, they marry into families who have also fought to excel in business or to influence whatever political movements suit their particular ambitions.

The marriage of course, are not part of a Crosby plot. There may flourish on an outpost beach or in a St. John's rooming house, surely it may also flourish at a pleasant table in a quiet dining room, the sweet summer escape from the private schools of Ontario to the renowned lakes of Ontario, or beside the cool serenity of a private swimming pool. The influential circle of St. John's families has been solid and for a long time. Crookes's official roots from those to the lower classes were cut. Bill, you can begin to understand why the folklore of Newfoundland defines the Crookes as men and women who have arranged the world to put them at the top. The long run they simply cannot lose. ☐

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THE MAN WHO TOLD QUEBEC THE TRUTH

Checking out smoke, Robert Cliche found fire

By MATTHEW HAGAN

On the morning of March 21, 1974, as the suburban night of the James Bay fenders, the L&Z disaster was still smoldering. Yves Duhamel, a business agent for the International Union of Operating Engineers, leading a small group of rebellious workers, had gone on a rampage, driving bulldozers into the James Bay hydroelectric power generators. They figuratively set on match to Premier Robert Bourassa's project of the century. The total cost was estimated at \$35 million.

Details of the disaster were still coming over the newswire when I received a call from the city editor of the newspaper I worked for, asking me to locate Louis Laberge and find out what he knew. Laberge is the head of the Quebec Federation of Labor which had a stronghold on construction projects at the James Bay site. He wasn't hard to find; he was whooping it up with a group of provincial politicians, businessmen and labor leaders at the party of the year in Quebec City, a gala opening for the new Quebec Hilton Hotel.

Laberge hadn't heard the news. "The workers are burning down James Bay," I told him. "L&Z is on fire!" Laberge stared at me in disbelief. "It's the first I've heard about it," he said and plunged me into a circle of friends.

But it wasn't the first I heard about it. In the months to come, Laberge would have to explain the state of the QFL before the most influential government inquiry in the province's history—a royal commission that would shake the labor movement from top to bottom.

The burning down of the L&Z disaster was hardly an isolated example of labor unrest in Quebec. It was the culmination of a long series of labor squabbles dating back to October, 1969, said the Montreal police strike. In 1971, a 14-week strike at Montreal's Le Printemps began with a march on the newspaper's offices, a coming window-smashing riot, and a death. The following year, there



were more walk-outs and uprisings during the Quebec Police Service Strike, Louis Laberge, Michel Foyas, president of the civil union grasping the CNTU, and Yves Charbonneau, head of the Quebec Teachers' Federation, went to jail for refusing to obey a court injunction ordering the civil servants back to work. The James Bay disaster, however, was taken far more seriously than anything that had gone before, not least because it threatened the survival of the most expensive hydroelectric project ever undertaken in the province. Premier Robert Bourassa was enraged. Thirty-five million dollars worth of damage had to be repaired—and in public.

Judge Robert Cliche, Associate Chief Justice of the Provincial Court, was working in his office a week later when the police rang. Premier Robert Bourassa was on the line asking him to chair a Royal Commission of Inquiry into Union Freedom.

I used no right away," Cliche recalls. "I had other things on my mind. Either the Premier to give me 24 hours to think it over, but he said he wanted my answer

right away. After signing for five or 10 minutes, I charged my mind. He wanted me, he told me I had spent as much of my life criticizing that I couldn't now turn down a possibility of doing something to change things."

At the time, the choice of 54-year-old Robert Cliche to head the commission must have struck Bourassa as shocking, less than brilliant. Cliche was puffy and he is intelligent, but as a longtime socialist his appointment could not be construed by Bourassa's critics as an attempt to whitewash the commission's findings. Cliche had always been a friend to labor when he was the leader of the Quebec NDP, so the Premier's critics could not say he had hired a man to back the back of the unions in Quebec. He resigned from the NDP in 1968 when the party decided to enter provincial politics and was completely removed from politics when he was appointed to the bench in 1972.

Cliche could therefore be expected to bring an objective viewpoint to the inquiry. A matter strike. Cliche was just the man to restore the listening ears in the QFL constructive unions and head the Premier's curious program that would get the \$12-billion James Bay project smoothly on the rush again.

Business, of course, got more than he bargained for. The Cliche commission as it came to be known, was far beyond a simple report of union activities in the province. Armed with a month's worth of well-documented research and rules of tapes from police wiretaps, the inquiry heard testimony—often tales of shoving, intimidation, bribery, intimidation and blackmail—that revealed a network of corruption spreading from the lowest echelons of the QFL, through the provincial civil service, to the Premier's office itself.

In a 602-page report, the commission concluded that union management could not have become so deeply entrenched without the active support of govern-

ment officials. It specifically singled out Paul Desrosiers, the Premier's former special adviser, for having asked union boss André Desjardins to help him in a by-election on the same day he illegally ordered Desjardins and the QFL to accompany over workers at Jura's King.

Packed with 134 recommendations, the report said the Quebec government should immediately impose restrictions on four international unions affiliated with the QFL, require unions to produce full financial statements, and place the regulation of wages and working conditions under the control of an independent construction agency founded over by a provincial court judge. All people with criminal records should be barred from holding union office for five years, and anyone caught giving loans or aid money to union officials should get a stiff fine or a jail term. It also suggested that union members be allowed to vote by secret ballot on all collective agreements and asked that the belting be placed under the supervision of the proposed construction agency.

The drama that produced these recommendations took place over a period of six months in the Montreal headquarters of the provincial police, a sterile room of black steel and glass rising out of the drama in the city's lower east side. Robert Cliche gave the inquiry its moral flavor. "He named the proceedings into a morality play in which he became

a symbol for justice, for the rule of law."

The scene was the courtyards of the police building—modern, high-ceilinged, painted in white—and the men and women played out their roles before a packed gallery hungry for revelations. Cliche, the leading man, let his emotions run free, pouring sometimes with anger, sometimes with humor, but always with style, meeting the crowds with his rich, mellowness and his deeply lined, expressive face. He would throw back his long mane of gray hair as each witness appeared before him and sit the man with his sparkling blue eyes, always as if he were meeting the positions for dramatic impact and deciding whether tragedy or farce was the proper genre.

The supporting cast was made up of commissioners: lawyer Louis Boudreau and by commissioners Guy Chénier, 36, a prominent Parti-Québécois member who was president of the province's 75,000-member Teachers' Federation, and Brian Mulroney, 36, a labor lawyer and Conservative cabinet member who had been in power in Quebec. He is a partner with Ogilvy, Cope & Partners, the largest law firm in Quebec. The commissioners made no real decisions, diverged in their political views, but nonetheless the different grided. Both men hesitated before agreeing to sit on the commission, but both were swayed by the Cliche charisma. "He's a great leader and a great man," said Mulroney, who had been Cliche's student during law school days at Laval University. "He ran the commission the way he taught in the classroom—lots of

patience." Despite his establishment status, Mulroney regards himself as an abolitionist of the working class. "My father was a unionized man, a member of the QFL. In fact, I spent 11 years as a laborer in Blue Cross, so I know a worker when I see one." Chénier, son of a lawyer, said he was reluctant to join the commission. "Because I had no training in law and also because I knew I'd draw a lot of flak from inside the labor movement. I thought I could never work with the judge, but Cliche is no ordinary judge. He's a very warm, sympathetic guy."

In all, some 270 characters passed before the commission, from anti-union heads to senior cabinet ministers. There was René Robitaille, a former business agent for the QFL and one-time Liberal organizer who swore on his "dead mother's grave" that he was innocent of intimidating union members who stepped out of line. The commission then listened to Mulroney's wretched voice as he arranged the beating of a rival union official in Hull named Jean Guy Denis. Unable to locate the alleged victim, she heard them beat a 14-year-old son and strangled his dog.

There was Robert Meloche, a top union executive, who confessed to taking \$7,000 in bribes from Blue Construction and then bragged on the spot. There was Yvon Bergeron, the 44-year-old son and strangled his dog. There was Robert Meloche, a top union executive, who confessed to taking \$7,000 in bribes from Blue Construction and then bragged on the spot. There was Yvon Bergeron, the 44-year-old son and strangled his dog.



Cliche, considered former minister and left-wing commissioner Denis Mulroney (left), ran the hearings the way he taught in the classroom—lots of patience.



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The "King of the Construction Industry" boasted he could topple cabinet ministers, but on the stand he just mugged and muttered

electronic project. And Labor Minister Jean Charest, who allowed QFL, was chosen to pick his nomination rally before the last election. And Justice Minister Jacques Chénier, who "forgot" about an alleged bribe of \$2,000 that entangled a junior civil servant into a plot on the Minimum Wage Board.

Pounding over this never-ending stream of witness telling tales of political intrigue in high places must have seemed sweet sport for Robert Cléche. He had spent six years campaigning in the wilderness for the NDP. He had been a losing candidate in two federal elections—in his home riding of Bonaventure in 1985 and by a close margin in the Kootenay in December riding in 1988. Had he beaten Kootenay Cléche could probably have become the NDP's national leader—"Tommy (Douglas) and Howard (Loren) must be going about 100 years in the past"—but he lost. Quebec has never taken the NDP to its heart. Finally, in 1986, he resigned from the leadership of the provincial wing of the party, out of the spotlight, out of politics for good. With his name consistently in the headlines, Cléche must have felt a private satisfaction in being at last at center stage.

At times, especially when small-time hands were on the stand, the same phrase in the courtroom was vintage Cléche comedy—everybody played in the audience. The commission's interrogations so impressed union member Romeo ("Bull") Theriault, that he invited out a collection before being asked a single question.

"I admit I've been a little drunk," he began. "I started with \$30, then \$30, \$40, \$50 and so on. And that because the worst thing in the world, the life of a union leader is one hell of a life. You're always waiting around for everyone to pay up. So one day, I put my head in my hands and prayed to the Supreme Being and asked him what to do, and he told me to stop law-suiting the taxpayers."

But as the hearings went on, the tone of the proceedings began to change markedly. Cléche wanted information and the union officials, men such as André (Ditto) Desjardins (above) and Louis Laberge, who ultimately had to answer for the QFL's activities, weren't cooperating enough to satisfy him.

Desjardins in particular began to get under Cléche's skin. The reputed "King of the Construction Industry" and a former director of the QFL's provincial building trades council, Desjardins quit his post as the chief of 70,000 construction workers early in the 1980s, under

considerable pressure, and fled to Haiti. There, banking in the sun, he bragged to a reporter that he could tell tales of corruption that would send cabinet ministers into exile. Cléche was outraged. During the final weeks of testimony, Ditto came back for an encore and was invited to drop some names. He named out to be a disappointment. Sleazebag gallery, he finally muttered that he had no more. Cléche, seated alone, started digging into Desjardins' correspondence for the women's box, dragging faces at the witness, his snide face, driving two details of his snide face and one frustrated at every turn, deeply exasperated.



"You have played a very important role as a union leader and thousands of Quebec workers look up to you for inspiration, workers who were proud of you... but you have allowed exploitation to surround you. You practiced a cover-up from all points of view. The commission very sincerely hopes that when you work is finished the workers in the construction industry are going to feel leaders who are capable of honor, dignity and truth."

"Can I reply?" asked Ditto.

"No," Cléche put back, adjusting for the scene, and when the commission's report was finally laid out, it urged that Desjardins be denied union offices "in the public interest."

Two days later, sporting a rich Maine hair, QFL president Louis Laberge returned for his final performance. Unlike Desjardins, he seemed only too eager to talk—talking with Cléche as if he hoped to find solace in the judge's sense of humor. The two men were old friends. Cléche had even attended QFL conventions as Laberge's guest. Now Cléche was playing host and there was an edge of tension to their exchange.

"Some union stewards are making \$50,000 to \$60,000 a year," he observed. "Because it's over, that's it." Laberge protested. "There are no stewards, no presidents." It's not over, it's over.

"There are certain union leaders trying to make a lifetime career of it," snapped Cléche.

"We have elections every two years," Laberge was shouting.

"Still there are union leaders who would like to make it a lifetime job."

"You... you have no business saying that. You've attended union meetings. You've seen an election. I don't want to quarrel."

Finally Cléche tired of bandying accusations and launched into a full-scale speech. "Of course we want elections and we want it to be strong. But we have the impression that the QFL has created special squads of people to corrupt the workers, drive them off step. What have you done about that, Mr. Laberge? You have a terrible responsibility before the collective and you must fulfill it or there will be dire consequences." Laberge pulled back with a speech of his own, but Cléche walked out of the courtroom in the middle of it. "I don't like being a mouthpiece," he told reporters outside. "But it's something I have to do."

Some days after his performance with Laberge, I sat down for breakfast with Robert Cléche in the cafeteria of the Queen Elizabeth hotel. It was 7:30 a.m. and Cléche had already been up for hours. "Even in the city I like to get up early," he told me. "I lie awake in bed and think—about time, how they are going to act, I say to myself, they might do this or that if they do this I will do that. That's strategy. Not to—enough me—score the other guy, but to see him coming. By the time I've finished thinking, I consider my day's work done."

Even the brief biography of Robert Cléche never hit so much as it did in a conversation, a descendant of a 250-year-old family that helped open up the region's rolling farm country. Cléche was born, grew up and still lives in the village of St. Joseph de Bonaventure, about 80 miles south of Quebec City. His father, a lawyer and politician, was—unusually—for the Liberals in the federal election of 1955, and was apparently something of a finished boss.

He was always having arguments with the local press, and he would smile and say that he was when the Catholic Church was very strong in the community. He had a great influence on

"How can you tolerate illegal acts?" Cliche asked. "I'm only the labor minister," Cournoyer replied. "I don't have the police"

er. It was wonderful how I could just listen to him talk, and that way I discovered a feeling that is very rare today. One thing he might not have liked for the people, the ordinary people."

Cliche attended the Séminaire du Québec and — following his father's lead — was expelled for making scandalous statements. Later he attended St. Denise's College in Sainte-Félicité, where he learned English, and Laval University where he studied law and liked what the bright young thinkers who founded the Quiet Revolution.

"I knew the whole room," Pelletier, Montclair, found. René Lévesque was a charismatic. There weren't many of us," he says.

All of them went on to join the Liberal Party. Cliche went his own way in 1963, when he joined the NDP.

"I suppose I'm a social democrat, but it's only to be said when you're not in power. If I was in power I'd be tough because a man must be strong. It must have firm leadership. The state has to be very weak. All the governments of Western countries are weak. That's a single leader. In the East it's a different way. Look at Mao. Mao is a leader, but we don't have anyone like Mao."

As he talks, it becomes clear Cliche is a man of abundant contradictions. His coarseness and risk taking, his strategy in the conflict of ideas is often a balance of his emotional reaction to whatever is in the courtroom. While he is a self-proclaimed social democrat and a politician, he is also a man of strong convictions and strong strong leaders. He engaged politics so much that he allowed what was supposed to be a six-month stay with the Quebec NDP to stretch into six long years, and yet when I ask him of the politics and publicity he had won in recent months could persuade him to return to politics he says, "No, never," with kindness. "I wonder if I'm not a political man against my will," he muses, reflecting on his role as conscience chairman.

His dream for the future is to be able to return to the Bloc and live near his wife. "I love nature," he says. "I can't stand the tempo of a large city and the stress that surrounds you. I need to be alone, walking in the woods. I'd like to write and I'd like to do things to say, a sort of my own way."

After breakfast he drops by his local union. "Welcome to my home," he says, smiling. His wife often comes in to visit. But this week she is in the Bloc, where she works as a writer of their stories and

meets under her maiden name, Madeleine Pilon. She and her husband collaborated on two books about the Bloc. They have been married for 27 years and have two sons — a lawyer and a geology student — and one daughter who is studying criminology.

A blond woman with grey-green eyes, Madeleine Pilon like Cliche, has a mind of her own. "Madeleine is Roger — that's what I call her," says Cliche. "She's a real intellectual, unlike me. She catches me, she me to watch out, and she's always been to the left of me. For her, the past is always right and the rest is always wrong."



We take the elevator down to the third parking lot. Two bodyguards and a security guard are waiting by the judge's car. Cliche didn't want bodyguards but there had been death threats and the Premier ordered. We drive out along Deschênes Boulevard, through the wasteland of downtown Montreal.

"Look to that," says Cliche, pointing out the window. "Conscience And you're going to die here. All of you."

The real climax to the Royal Commission of Inquiry into Union Freedom came with the interrogation of Labor Minister Jean Cournoyer during the final week of testimony. Cliche for Cournoyer's outrageous from the cabinet had been firing for months. As the minister dutifully responsible for the witnesses played opposition games, he received the least of criticism generated by the inquiry. Back in 1970 his long association with members of the building union established him as the natural successor to Prime Lapointe as the Bloc's portfolio. Now it appeared that he had earned the prerogative of friendship

with the union movement a little too far.

Cournoyer, who gloried that he was tied up with meetings in Quebec City, asked the commission to move the proceedings to a room off the National Assembly. Cliche, Mulcahy and Chénier (below) compromised and set up proceedings at Quebec's ancient courthouse. Somehow, it seemed an appropriate setting for the confrontation that was to come — the judge seated on a high, wooden bench, flanked by a portrait of Queen Elizabeth II and a portrait of Queen Victoria. The room had been the scene of some memorable political acts in the past.

The clash between Cliche and Cournoyer was a duel of opposites. Cournoyer, the cynical technocrat who reads Mein Kampf, ignores Cliche, populist and ardent democrat. The minister, a short, stout man with a drink, skittish face, shifted uncomfortably in the witness box.

"I'm not playing politics. Mr. Cournoyer, and his race you have much more experience in politics than I do. I do not want you to let the QRC make a pack on election only for you to be Jerome," asked Cliche.

"If they want to come to a meeting to support me," argued Cournoyer, "I can't say them. I didn't know they would be there," he said, although the commission had already heard the minister's aide and André Desjardins — in a wrapped conversation — among the group's appearance.

"How could you tolerate illegal acts with no strong feelings?" the president of a public safety commission by union points, for example?

"I'm only the labor minister. I don't have the police," said Cournoyer.

"But you must have known that these men weren't whistleblowers."

"I've been going to school with them for a long time," quipped Cournoyer. "Thirteen years. And I know there was something badly going on, but I didn't have the funds and that's why I ignored the commission and that's why we're here today."

Cliche asked Cournoyer about civil servants who had been hiding information from him.

"I've got 5,000 employees under me," he started to reply. "I can't keep track of them all. I'm a minister, not a company president. I can't be everywhere at once. I'm supposed to write statutes and be a administrator and be minister of the construction industry."

"It's not about your planning portfolio," observed Cliche.

"Yes, and I'm sure the newspaper

breakdown how you will say. Cournoyer made Pilon's statement," he replied between words.

"I know I'm as a very distant person with you, Mr. Cournoyer, but you are the responsible person."

"I know I'm responsible," Cournoyer shouted at the top of his lungs. "Responsibility," Cliche said, as he recalled. "And I'm talking as a much higher place, responsibility for the majority and its faith cannot be explained by saying, 'I don't have time' or 'I've got too much work.'"

"Just a second?"

"For example, an important for 37 judges, but I can't say I haven't got the time. I'm too busy. There are too many facts to put out."

When Cliche finally addressed the issues, it was a clear to everyone who had emerged as a bedrock in the bodybook. It was every day you see a judge long-held a witness answer.

When the last day of the inquiry rolled around and Cliche introduced a surprise guest — Justice Minister Jean Charest — in the room of an anti-union.

In September 1973, Paul Joyal, a junior civil servant allegedly arranged to pay \$2,000 to René Giguère, an assistant to Labor Minister Pierre Lapointe, as the man's room of the Charest. Prime Minister Jean Joyal was then promoted to a post on the Museum of World Affairs. Joyal had denied of the bribe from a supposed telephone conversation, but so charges were laid until the Cliche inquiry opened and accused the judge, part of a valuable confession the commission inherited from the police. Charest had been used to replace his role.

Confronted on earlier statements by the witness who said he was aware of the case, the justice minister said he thought he had informed the Premier. A grin of disbelief (unconscious) stretched across his face as he testified that, in the courtroom of the October time, he and the Premier had simply forgotten all about the alleged bribe.

And then while Cliche waited in complete bewilderment, Charest added: "And by the way. Sorry we are so sorry to people but I must admit the police did get a letter written away and I didn't put a stamp to it. They would have put up an arriving people. I know I've got the stamp of a law-and-order man, but you've got me wrong. Because I believe in the social side of things as well."

On that note, the hearings ended. One of the judge's bodyguards set up a makeshift bar in front of the bench as the commissioners' their sales and the press people who had been so much a part of the whole affair gathered around for a passing drink. It was like a party

held at the end of a long running Broadway play, a strongly emotional occasion, with one reporter confronted Cliche with the obvious question. Why hadn't he called Charest to the stand?

The judge frowned and shook his head. "No more. I've finished. I've gone back to the shadows. I've already and too much. Don't you say. I can't be a public figure and a judge at the same time. If I want to be in the spotlight, I should resign as a judge and become a politician again."

Cliche didn't think the commission's

success could be construed as a promise for Quebec or even the life of the construction industry. "I think we are at the end of this society. The younger generation does not believe in it any more. The older generation is discouraged and everybody capitulates. How will it really be healthy?" I don't know."

Having served as a head of public education in Quebec, the leading man in the commission drama has taken his bow and retired to the wings. Leaving it up to the public man to put Quebec back together again.



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OTHER SCOTLANDS



New nourishment for the spiritual roots

By VALERIE MINER

Scotland is not a foreign country for many Canadians. But personal familiarity comes from family legends and history lessons, plodding through three feet of snow down the Royal Mile to Milton House School. Boiling across the March with Bonnie Prince Charlie. When we cross the Atlantic we are looking for ourselves—in childhood songs, literary heroes, religious stories in aunts and uncles and cousins. About 80% of Canadian claim Scottish heritage. Last year, an estimated 100,000 visited the old country.

But our memory can be deceiving. The first few times I visited, my hallowed ancestral heart was disturbed by the risk variety of dialects and myths and superstitions. Scotland is an intricate patchwork of its diverse cities as much as it is distinctive waves. So this trip I tried for a closer view—I saw Scotland in the Orkney Islands and the Galloway Peninsula, in the Forth and the Mòrs.

Don Freshwater is troubled in his Fair Isle venture against the odd wind of the Forthland causing a turbulent fish which Orkneyans proudly compare to

the Cape of Good Hope. But the day is warm—a 70-degree celsius—so Eva sits up and orders a whisky.

"Why would anyone come to Orkney?" she asks. "I know it's the rainiest place in Scotland, but we don't get many tourists." I explain that Orkney was the furthest north my 536 travel pass would take me. No. I don't know anyone on the islands. A whisky? I'd love one, thank you, Ma. I don't have a car, but and initially before I know what she is saying (her broad Scots accent edged in quick Norse) is to think that on her one and only visit to London someone asked if the were trying to learn English! I am hooked onto the aptly named.

The whole family drops in to greet me. Michael, who runs the grocery shop next door. Jack, who works in the brick camp factory. Seven-year-old David, who graciously serves hot whisky from one of the local distilleries. Several rounds of "rehabilitation" later we sit down to a dinner of fresh sea trout caught in the loch across the street.

The food is a great prize—open and flat. Few trees survive the flat soil and thick winds. David delivers a lecture about the sturdy Ring of Bressay and the

Shantling Stones of Sorness, bronze age reliquies of Stonehenge. He describes the settlement of Skara Brae, dating from about 3000 B.C. David explains Orkney is a sanctuary. Some young people have left to try farming in Surrey or capitalism in Birmingham. They think the islands are dull now, but they'll come back. Everyone does.

Next, the silhouette of a lone cygnet moves across the late evening sunset. Orkneyans who are ignored by the rest of the world, except in scripture, come, sent content to reside on the periphery. David suggests we meet in Kirkwall, Orkney's capital, the next day after school. The child bright, point bones lead down the windwept streets to St. Magnus Cathedral, begun in 1133 to honor the Norse martyr. Vikings landed here in the eighth century, and the sea to Scandinavia's remote strong.

After tea, Eva persuades her husband, John, to read his poetry. He scribbles through old correspondence for a crumpled and faded envelope stuffed with different sized stanzas. After a

Valerie Miner is a free-lance writer with a special interest in travel and the arts.

"These are indeed a sober, grave, religious people . . . They have no assemblies or balls . . . You hear no profane words in the streets"

modest apology to more recent hardy he recites his doggerel, beginning with one about his own Victorian relatives in banes town. "As yet they catch accepted/ Thinking that they know/How to hold their liquor/But they couldn't hold home brew." And so he passed his colleagues/Upon the barroom floor/ And there they spend a drink/ The 'son' of Argyllshire." David goes on with some of his rhyme and dist verse anecdotes. The evening is framed in a Jell-O-oid phone.

Travelling north I pass through numerous, craggy, about other Scotland, Javens upon a public bar/At a spiral grey-stone buildings and candle like sulphur water lamps reflected in the dark River Ness. On the side of Skye, after due homage, to Dornoch, I wonder the rocky Porters, about enjoying the fragrance of sheep and wild flowers. I visit the genteel elegance of Edinburgh with my mother, who grew up there. We try to recreate a childhood Sunday in Portobello Beach, machine games, pay candy and wicker, under the fervor of Scotland's summer beach season into the sea.

Mother then back to her new world apartment, while I roam southward to Ayrshire, Balfour, Bannockburn, with its green patchwork farms and plaid moors. Wonderful country, against a new Ayrshire friend, but you must visit Mrs. Miller and Galloway.

The next day I visit Mrs. Miller, a housewife, over a pint of beer in New Galloway, and we drive south to a small loch of land dangled into the Solway Firth. Most tourists, she explains, bypass the peninsula on their route from the Lake District to Glasgow. She suggests I spend the first day in Kirkcaldie, where people battled for their Protestations in the 1600s. Today, a refuge for women, poets and other creatives. Kirkcaldie she reminds me of St. Jean, Port Joli.

I identify with our legends and relics. E. A. Hornet, whose local reputation is improved considerably after he donated his white elephant of a house to the town, and Thomas Skirrit, of Red River, Manitoba, fame. But the village is much more vital outside the guidebook. New houses along 18th-century High Street are interspersed randomly by cobblestone houses opening to river-cluttered courtyards. Kirkcaldie Academy students in black-and-red uniforms and, on high school "Scottish New Year's" parties, rise past the statue (Phyllis) Tolhurst church, "This fruit — not robes — life supplies/As given what

nature: here down/Prosperity must surely blind/St. Catharine's seat who purchased day."

Except during school recess, the streets are cold and quiet. My first teenage squats back at me from brick puddled pavements. This is not the absence of social stereotypes, but the quiet of parietal isolation: a young woman struts on a chair to polish her window, a grandmother lurches to scrub her front porch. I wonder how much has changed since Diana Deion, visiting in the 1700s, wrote: "They are indeed a sober, grave, religious people. They have no assemblies or balls. You hear no profane words in the streets."

The main cemetery of St. Catharine on the hill provides the best view of Kirkcaldie. A dried old man with new years rolled up around his ankles and glasses dipping down his nose is reciting a Victorian gravestone. "Most patients don't know how to do a job like this," he informs me. "They miss bits of the letters because they don't look carefully enough." He is a proper most center. So was his father and his father's father. "They're buried back there," he points over his shoulder.

He asks if I've seen the most famous grave in the cemetery. "Old Bessie Mac-shall, 1792. But you'll heard of her. Lived to be 120. Had 17 wives. Now that's what kept her healthy. He was a tailor, see, from the origins of the men's hats and spools on the stone. But he made most of his living by, shall we say, 'other than legal means.' Mrs. Carrer in Teyehelen has a poem that Bessie stole." Then he points his point-bush down the hill to where Elsiebeth McInnes, the last with married in Kirkcaldie, was buried in 1898.

HOW TO GO, WHERE TO STAY

Don't waste your money on hotels and motels. Bed-and-breakfasts, refuges with Aunt Mary's best, Cousin Kate's hand-carved dresser and a breakfast of poached herring eggs, tomato soup and an ice cream congealed and clanger (\$5.40 to \$4.00) than the hotels. British refuges are increasingly ideal and heavy. Scotland does little to change the reputation — outside of South Sea, since, changing hotels and seductive trips. If you insist on indulging, order High Tea, an immense red-wine mixed street from 4 p.m. to 6 p.m., or high school "Scottish New Year's" parties, rise past the statue (Phyllis) Tolhurst church, "This fruit — not robes — life supplies/As given what

Later in The Stirling, Mrs. Miller's shorter — so-called because it roils between two principals overlooking the Solway Firth — I am ushered into the warm dining room for supper with her four children. Everyone talks about where to take Old Farmer, a neighbor who has been dropping in for dinner once a week since his wife died. Mrs. Miller suggests the "Barn" banger, "Barn as I Burns' Night in January." I ask, "Yes, well the pub's slow to answer," explains her son John. "And they had a Barn's Night last Friday that was successful, they decided to do it again this week." Thus the younger ladies are returned to the tables as we head off to the "Rural."

"Rural" a monthly meeting of the Scottish Women's Rural Institute. The highlight of the evening is a talk by the Misses Adamson, recent applicants from Glasgow, about their putting and embroidery. White-bread sandwiches and cream puffs are served with heavy tea and parlor games, and the meeting ends with a tribute by the elder Miss Adamson. "When first we came to Galloway/As [left] the town behind/We wondered if we'd write an/As/ garden we had first/ . . . See we will be in Galloway/Make the country-fells see/And when you have time stand and see and gradually you see."

Galloway and Galloway — like every other Scotland I've seen — have their own unique hospitality and vigor. You can chase the ghosts of Queen Mary and Robert the Bruce. You can sing your spirit and roots amidst the divide. Or you can decide to be a traveler rather than a tourist, taking each region on its own, for its separate spirit. Until you look beyond your apple, your journey won't lead you anywhere but home again.



How much should you drink?

Everyone has a limit, and overindulgence of any sort — in work or play, food or drink — does nothing good for you.

Fortunately, most Canadians aren't interested in proving anything when it comes to beverage alcohol. They look on their favorite drink not as a challenge, but as a pleasure to be enjoyed in moderation.

How much should you drink? To most people that's no problem. But if it is a problem to someone you know, why not urge that person to see a physician. You may well be doing him or her a favor.

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THE SUN IS GETTING HARDER TO FOLLOW

By Michael Posner

Golf is a game for gentlemen: you are not an 18-handicap duffer, but Anders Moller. If you sink the tortoise, 19-hole putt, with the heady golfer looking on, you win the Masters, the British Open, the Grand Slam. Keep your head down and knock the little white ball into the red hole. Remember to smile when the tournament director hands you a cheque for \$500,000. Play five free rounds of golf and you become the star of millions. That's sports' most awesome fantasy, a millionaire after a few days.

Some people take their dreams seriously, particularly professional golfers. Every year, more and better players roll off the assembly line of the American golf colleges to challenge the hegemony of the Nicklauses and the Woodses and year after year 800 golfers win money in the Professional Golfers' Association's 55 tournaments. But most of them come away with little more than a puttee.

Fewer than half make more than \$1,000, a capital gain that makes the poverty line look attractive. Only 144 players earned \$10,000 or more—the rock-bottom minimum needed to sustain oneself on the tour from January through October. Only 98 players made \$25,000 or more—hardly an comfortable income in these inflationary times. And only 44 players in PGA history have made \$100,000 in a single season.

One of those who hasn't is Geoplinea Francisco Hernandez (above), sometimes known as C.W. but more commonly known as Wilf Hernandez—perhaps the best-known Canadian golfer after George Knobel—who is almost 40 now, a victim of 10 years on a tough circuit where not landing in a scorecard is a kind of achievement.

Since 1966, he has received American PGA winnings of \$83,749.37—an average of just over \$600.00 a year. Thirty percent of a \$24,000 net loss in a single year. 1971 Hernandez lost 1974 U.S. Open was a big far stretch in the Greater Greensboro Open, it earned him \$6,930, 60% of his year's income.

His 1975 performance to date has been downright embarrassing. In the first six tournaments of the year he missed qualifying for the final two rounds, lost twice. He cut one round short in the second round Pro-Am preliminary rounds and ended a cheque for \$21.43. His total winnings for the year so far: \$437.12. Clearly, this is not the state of which golf legends are made.

For Hernandez, integrity is a way of life: a diet of hot dogs and hamburgers, cheap cokes and a 1971 Chevrolet that has logged 115,000 miles and has its original battery. "I can't afford any new car," he says. "But my car is good. I take that battery out, I'm going to have me an engine."

It is usual consolation, but Hernandez is familiar with hard times. During the Depression his family was forced off their Kansas, Saskatchewan farm onto neighboring Yorkton. There Geoplinea Francisco (his baptismal name) spent more time on the golf course than he did at school. The whole family gaffed, one year, Hernandez and six brothers won eight points in a provincial tournament. And Wilf himself had

won half a dozen amateur titles by the time he turned 16.

Later, on an amateur tour in Denver, St. Louis, St. Winnipeg's Glenview Golf and Country Club, he decided to test himself on the American tour. "It was so good being a big fish in a little pond," he says. "If you want to become a golfer, you have to go to the U.S." The Glenview membership gave him a myel and-off and financial support to keep him going for a year. "There were some who doubted he could make it," I told him. "He was working his time," recalls club manager George Gerbanus. "I told him he'd be better off going to work in Irving Auerbach's salami factory."

Hernandez liked salami, but he liked golf better. And he had some early minor successes, winning the Para Open in 1965 and the Panama Open in 1966. Canadian sportsmen called the "Hernandez bump." Hernandez is 5'11" and weighs 150 pounds—who seemed just a chip shot away from the Big Money Now, a wife, three children, and 10 years later, he is still living up that shot, still waiting to cash a first place cheque for more than \$3,500. "It's got all the shits in the bag," says Stacks, now retired. "But somehow he hasn't been able to put them all together."

Optimism runs on past why Hernandez has fallen short. Some contend it is too tight, though one never banters Ben Hogan, Gardner Dickenson or Chuck Rindner. Others say he tries too hard or that he lacks the pro golfer's essential characteristic, confidence. Probably his most consistent weakness has been on the greens.

Whether the reason, few players are more dedicated to their game. Hernandez spends hours polishing his skills. He starts his typical day by hitting 100 golf balls and playing 18 holes. Then he puts for an hour, chips for an hour and then trap shots for another hour. He undertakes a special exercise program to develop his arms and wrist muscles, and put on 15 pounds hoping to add yards to his drives. He doesn't drink or smoke. He has been known to put up dinner invitations to avoid the tiring golfers' Tuesday night relaxation services and he goes to single morningstons about life, sports in a lecture, Saskatchewan draw. "There are no shortcuts," he says, "but I'm reflecting on his situation. "Life is not handed to you on a silver platter." Once, when Glenview caddy Max Wolfelt offered to loan him a few thousand dollars, Hernandez turned him down, his golf game may be erratic, but his pride remains intact.

Every golfer on the tour, dreamer of the jackpot, must decide whether he can wait until he wins and, if he can wait, whether he will win. Hernandez cannot wait much longer. The competitive referee every year and he wife Rein says "It's hard on the children when Daddy's away."

Hernandez that winter sent letters to a dozen Canadian golf clubs, applying for a pro's job. But when I spoke to him 10 April, he hadn't accepted defeat. "I'm planning to make \$100,000 this year. I'll sell you a share of me for \$25,000 and we'll split anything over that. What do you say?"

God bless you, Wilf. I hope you get that pro's job.

John Schlesinger's *The Day Of The Locust* is an awesome, haunting film and it's in no way to judge it. It is not as much a story with well-defined characters as a cautionary parable, a grim and chilling vision of hell on earth.

By John Holm

When the book *The Day Of The Locust* was published in 1939, it sold unusually well for a National West novel. 1,480 copies. About one in ten critics liked it. "By God, if I ever publish another Hollywood book," exclaimed his publisher, Bennett Cat of Random House, "it will have to be *My 39 Ways Of Making Love By Holy Locust*." It was Wolf's fourth (and last) novel. He died the following year, at the age of 37, four days before Christmas, splintered all over a California crosswalk. His wife, Ellen McKenney, (commented in Ruth McKenney's play *My Sister Ellen*, which opened a few days later on Broadway to great success) died instantly beside him. They'd been married six months.

High speed, wrong lane, another car. The car was bright, the air clear but his despair was blinding. West earned less than \$1,200 over a 10-year period from all his published writings, one scene alone in Schlesinger's film cost one million dollars to shoot and employed 1,800 extras. West's records, *The Dream Life Of Silver Steel*, *My Love/Love/My*, *A Good Million* and *Locust* now steadily sell many copies per month then they used to (in a year his black, mocking pessimism, which made him so unpalatable to the Thirties (and even-on in the Forties), his sight into the present trend of Decadent decay).

The *Day Of The Locust* is about the back-lash liners of Hollywood in the Thirties, his books with their newspaper clippings, would-be hits with more dreams than talent, his players, stunt actors, well-oiled and double. Unlike other films about Hollywood, *Summer Blood*, *The Big Kiss*, *The Best And The Worst*, for example, this isn't a story about the climb to stardom or the making of money. The drama it seems to have a theme in it following the hapless life of a film of Five Green (Kurt Russell, above), a dark blond who takes between stardom and misery but who can't even see his body directly to get ahead.

It does know where John Schlesinger first read *The Day Of The Locust* (about 1939) over his lifetime and the past decade—*My Love, Darling, For From The Making Crowd*, *My Love/My Love*, *My Love/My Love*—it's clear that he has been repeatedly drawn to Western characters, ideas and situations throughout his career.

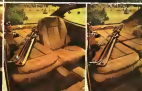
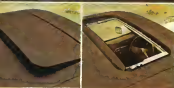
In his first film, *Twelve*, made 14 years ago, a hall-hall about about William S. Burroughs, Schlesinger drew directly on the isolated and misanthropic. In *My Girl*, one's very being centered to Dystopian Prison, an old girl single-mindedly dazed by overbearing religious heads—sympathetic glimpses of life's pathetic. In *My Love*, Schlesinger depicted a middle-class provincial town from Yorkshire (it is trapped just as much by his dream-life to be a by-product of the film, a dark, unrelenting, unrelenting, and a meagre show of lovely "birds" He escapes into

fantasy and lacks the essential courage to get out of his jail cell. In *Locust*, hardly any of the characters can distinguish who writes from machine dreams and as a result are incapable of purposeful ambition. They just drift and dream a lot. In *Locust*, the heroine was an empty, bored, lonely and lonely girl with no passion, just whims, no convictions, just caprice, who went from rags to rags, never to reality, looking like a lazarist illustration of the law of entropy. In *Locust*, one can say "I'm not a fan of the film." For Peter Greenberg, the director, a portrait of a Miss America beauty-palace is done with far greater skill and subtlety. In *My Love/My Love*, Schlesinger depicted New York as having the face of a spread from a mean to. It was a film that knew the crushing weight of civilization and its discontents. In *Locust* he met Hollywood as a grotesque for America and, by extension, the white of the Americanized Western world. This is a story about people who have chased their dreams clear across a continent and now stand staring blankly at the ocean. They are "the men under," incapable of cruelty, incapable of happiness, waiting for the big bang, an earthquake, a bomb, or a riot. Some of them can be whipped into religious fanaticism, others suffer the blandest of political rallies, no part of view to one extreme as long as it is theatrically staged and set to music. Sometimes the mob riots wild for no reason at all, a film premiere of *Gold Digger's Dream* the *Barbarian* erupts into a murderous riot and conflagration.

Unlike the many Canadian novels and films about downward "Twins," people who go from some terrible yoke upon three children and who go on with a terrible, hollow look in their eyes, *Locust* is about people equally limited and stranded, equally in pain, but who resist being dying that they will do everything they can to tear down the social system which has hurt, humiliated and humiliated them all their lives. Much of what is known as Canadian "realism" is based on people doing violence to themselves, sitting there apert, chiding their desire, quietly accepting injustice and abuse without ever these behavior. It would be useless to feel morally superior to these frustrated "locusts" on a rampage; they don't their violence outward, we generally direct it inward—just as many people end up dead after they die.

The *Day Of The Locust* is an arid, bleak and disturbing story, superbly acted (Kurt Russell, Donald Sutherland, Willem Aftink, Burgess Meredith) and well crafted. It will take several more viewings and perhaps a few years, to add perspective, to determine its worth as art. All I know is that it's the most powerful film I know these days.

REWARD: The *Power* is a mixture of clunky plotting, occasional beauty, bewildering acting (Jack Nicholson, Mary McCormack) and some good ideas about identity and authenticity. At age 63, it is too late for Michaelangelo's Anson to do much with, having done so little with their all-around life. Not a barn, but not really a man, just a visually appealing trifle.



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THE LITTLE STATION THAT KNEW IT COULD

By Philip Marchand

Can the late Leslie Uggams — the man who sang apocryphal cane fancies favourably on the old *song Along With Me* (he sang about 15 years ago — doing a macho parody of Tina Turner on the stage of Edson's Jubilee Anniversary) Yes, indeed — a new, mostly Les Uggams, doing it magnificently with the help of a delirious assistant Civilized Personage in the role of her "man man" Bill Pennington, in tight red pants flares, has the ability to turn his back to the audience and set his buttocks quivering like Diefenbaker's jaws without moving a muscle in his torso. It is the most amazing display of physical coordination I have ever seen.

You can chalk this performance up to the business skills of Wendell Wilton 36, (pictured above), one of the country's most outrageous independent television producers. The show, featuring Leslie Uggams and the 60-piece Edmonston Symphony Orchestra, a huge videotape at a one-hour program has been sold by video systems across the United States along with 11 other such concerts, featuring the likes of Paul Anka and Tom Jones. These shows and a one-hour talk show featuring David Steinberg, also to be produced in Edmonton, are largely Wild! creations, if you consider that a producer is really the one responsible for the birth of a television series. They are the chief examples of the kind of drive and perspicacity characteristic of Wilks and his company which may yet succeed in making Edmonton a major centre of television production in this country.

Wilks, who himself introduces Leslie Uggams to the Edmonston audience, is not without his own style in a dapper, dignified but still looks casual and hearty and loud of Warden. Known as a specialist in reviving failed broadcast systems (he tried for a month or so this year to get Orestes' Global network on its feet) he is now producer of Northwest Video Ltd., a subsidiary of Alaska Development, the ITT of television. People who are not overly fond of him refer to him as a "saladman." He is indeed a saladman, but those latest projects of his are witness that he is at least has something to offer. The concerts with the Edmonston Symphony Orchestra, the *David Steinberg Show*, *Barry Bostwick's Great Debate*, which was recently purchased by Northern Video Ltd., all show promise of being truly popular series shows where the money is, south of the border.

This kind of success runs a few questions in Edmonton. For example, Wilks has been criticised for neglecting the local programming of the independent stations he operates, CTV, in favour of those glittering projects aimed at the American market. In truth the local programming of CTV is due has not easily accepted Edmontonian with confidence in the market. They've produced a highly successful public affairs program and a talk show that the Edmonton Journal labeled "a monument to the sleeping pill industry," and they carried a recycled *Twelve Hours* show with a penchant for guests who could delight only the heart of a TV town addict. Wilks is now in the process of bolstering the public affairs department of the station and, of course, the replacement of Timmy



Steinberg with David Steinberg at a trip in the right direction.

The activities of Wilks and CTV will also mean certain more fundamental questions concerning the role of independent producers in Canada. What Wilks is doing, basically, is producing shows that are obviously made with an eye for sale to the south. What is the concert series, after all, but Canadian crews and a Canadian symphony orchestra serving the stage for American and British performers? Is this what an independent Canadian broadcast station, using the resources of its independent Canadian broadcast station, should be doing? The answer to these questions is simply the energy and excitement generated in Edmonton by the shows. At a dinner for Leslie Uggams after her concert a local woman remarked to her, "We had to let up when, it's so much fun when you get on the stage." It is an attitude easy to make fun of. But today, when cable television is flooding the country with at least every American show made, it is obvious that Canadians are going to watch America shows anyway and it seems to make sense for each place in Edmonton to at least do their own and acquire some inevitable expense in television performing and production.

There is still a major issue before what Wilks and CTV are doing — the fact that it is almost impossible for an independent producer to survive within the Canadian system if he wants to succeed across shows with good production values. The Canadian network, even if they decide to purchase the series of an independent producer, does offer passes high enough to meet the cost of a well-produced series. In part, this is because of their budget limitations. It is also because they own their own facilities and their own stations and they can turn out anything they want to themselves before they have to deal with an independent producer. Wilks is not the only independent producer who has had to turn to the States to sell his product. Mediavision in Toronto, for example, sold their successful series, *Friends Of Men*, with Glenn Ford as narrator, to Killebrew who syndicated it in the U.S. They were turned down by the CBC.

It is certainly regrettable that these producers often have to turn to American sales to highlight their series in order to sell them, but some different kind of financing arrangement, independent of the CBC, is certainly necessary. If the CBC is really serious about creating that sort, then it might well try to make life easier for our Canadian independent producers — it is just by doing some serious negotiating of the cable companies which threaten every independent Canadian broadcast station. Otherwise these producers will continue to have to choose between looking to the south for markets outside of the Canadian network and independent stations.

WATCH: A Korda Festival (CBC — Sunday, 9 p.m.). The last films of this festival are artifacts from the Thelma that for once are worth getting mileage about.
Children As People (CBC — Monday, 10:30 p.m.). Worthwhile for anyone interested in the parent-child relationship.

CALLAGHAN TURNS ON HIS TORMENTORS

By Barbara Amiel

For almost 30 years Morley Callaghan (above) has resisted the temptation to exploit himself in his critics. With the publication of his new novel, *A Fine And Private Place* (Macmillan, \$9.95), this period of resistance comes to an end. Under the guise of a work of fiction, Callaghan has put on paper all those feelings about his work that modesty (and maybe even blind love) would have kept out of a literary essay.

The novel describes the struggle of graduate student Al Delaney to write a thesis on the sexual abuse of Toronto teenager Eugene Shore. Shore, who is starred at by Toronto *Arts* magazine and reviewed in New York, is clearly Morley Callaghan's cup of tea; but his details may be put down to the legendary arrogance of Irish Canadians. Callaghan describes Shore as arrogant, clever and charming.

Shore has a rudimentary knowledge of the history of his last slouch and talks an unimpaired Postmodernist robbery aspect. When an arrogant character like the policeman, Shore decides to write a newspaper account of the student. The question asked by the suspect remains the one raised in the novels of Shore and Callaghan: who are the pros and cons and on what to society? (Civilians of Callaghan have no cause for suspecting this question is not answered.)

Delaney's need to understand Shore's beliefs replaces his primary obsession with his lover, Lisa Tolen. When Lisa sees Shore has come between them, she withdraws. She reforms the policeman that Shore once he found willing horse down late at night after his solitary party game. A week later, Shore is killed by a hit-and-run driver.

That is Callaghan's last novel in 13 years. Well, a novel after a fashion. Actually it's a stern lecture by Callaghan on the significance of his work, with a story line and some fictional characters thrown in. Most of the characters spend a miserable time continuously worrying about technique and morality in either Shore/Callaghan novels ("What does a man live by?" they ask one another, referring to the ethics of Shore's novel, or "Why the necessity of criminality?") On the brief occasions where they are allowed to stop asked literary questions and are permitted to lapse into the life of fictional characters in search of a story, the Callaghan's last stands still. These moments are, alas, too few.

We may look forward to some rather more exchanges in literary and media circles as people stop themselves on the book. "Everyone in Toronto will want to read it because there are no respectable people in it," says Callaghan, adding dramatically that he hopes "this contemporary aspect will be ignored." Indeed, for Callaghan's character Al Delaney really one of Callaghan's own) the novel has a dimension it lacks for the general reader who knows little about all this and even less even I stopped guessing who's who among the characters. Professor Northing Fyre, local columnist McKenna Foster and Henry's sister Edna's Wilson.

Of more interest is Callaghan's statement in this novel that every creation has its own law which may not be as accepted Lisa receives "the approval of all rubbish,



springing instead for letting her love have its own law." After she reads page Shore's death. Well, okay, it's fair to love and war. It's only that Callaghan's conspicuous narcissism seems more significant in his other novels where his last buddy stand. And while explicitness reduces significance it adds little to my comprehension of the Shore/Callaghan view of morality. It's as difficult as ever to aspen Callaghan's slants from innuendo or to resolve the nagging ambiguity of human existence and love. It may be Callaghan's intention to show that his (perhaps-made) is to ask questions about life, not to answer them. That's an important task, executed in other Callaghan novels with a density of detail that makes ordinary characters and ordinary settings rich and alive.

In his Toronto home Morley Callaghan waits for the critical response to his new book. He sits in his spacious front room with its white walls and high ceilings, a small monochrome figure in a large tapestry chair. Yellow sweater, yellowish hair, frosty jacket and a clump of tobacco stains spill down the front of his trousers.

One wall with a view to a Killebrew painting set up in bed looking with hostile eyes out at a field of cabbage. Edna's signatures, old furniture with rich veneers and ornate furniture specializing in vague, nondescript modernity all coexist together. The room is very much like Callaghan's books; it works for no apparent reason. His peace, somehow related to Eugene Shore's dog-woman in and out of the room, sleeping briefly to clear another Callaghan question from him. He is now silent on explaining how usual he is about crime.

"It's miserable if they all like you," he says, and later on "I never could agree with any system of philosophy or literary criticism." Still, his conversation is steadily peppered with references to film and that crime, and soon I grow strenuous in my conviction that the problem with *A Fine And Private Place* is that it's written too much with the critics in mind. Callaghan's great strengths lie in his ability to write about people rather than in his aesthetic or metaphysical theories.

Now he takes to say, a ghost in his eyes. "What do you think of my books?" he says. I suddenly remember as a record of the evening that he began "this contemporary aspect will be ignored." Indeed, for Callaghan's character Al Delaney really one of Callaghan's own) the novel has a dimension it lacks for the general reader who knows little about all this and even less even I stopped guessing who's who among the characters. Professor Northing Fyre, local columnist McKenna Foster and Henry's sister Edna's Wilson.

A Fine And Private Place may be second-time Callaghan, but that's all better than most books published.

ASPIRING TO THE WORKING CLASS

By Heather Robertson

My income has quadrupled in the past 10 years. It's enough to make me middle class, a member of a small and privileged elite. But as I go around hawking my hand-picked up my ramshackle old nondescript house (I am privileged to find that I own a house at all) I don't feel much kinship with the rich people I see driving their Rolls and Mercedes cars downtown, people who hire black maids and Portuguese housekeepers and carpenters and housepainters to do their work. Either I am grateful to my grandfather — a metalworker and a Marxist who built his own house and contributed his share of wealth and votes to CNR fights — that I have inherited enough skill and pride in it to do my own manual labor.

Maybe it's all in my head, a romantic nostalgia. Maybe I just think poor. I don't think I'm alone. It's hard to think rich these days. For most of us thinking rich means doing it dirt. You end up working for the bank and to me that's working class. It's been 10 years since John Porter pointed it out in *The Verbal Mosaic* but it's just beginning to surface in the Canadian consciousness that we live in a rigidly stratified class system. We've always been encouraged to think of ourselves in establinment and middle class and to define our differences in terms of race and religion, now the language is changing — we define ourselves by how much money we make and the lifestyle we buy with it.

Organized labor is trying to get its way into the middle class. Wage settlements are averaging approximately 16% increases, double the rate in the United States. A steelworker in Hamilton makes on the average about \$31,500, his union is bargaining for a 41% raise over three years. The people being squeezed by labor are not the businessmen, who raise their prices to cover their costs, but the middle class — the lawyers, businessmen and academics whose claim to high status rests on their occupation, education and income rather than on property. "Who would some dummy who dropped out of school in grade eight make more money than I am?" shouts a university professor.

The middle class is shrinking. Canada's largest and fastest growing national union is the Canadian Union of Public Employees and the people who are signing up to join it are the white-collar workers. Lab technicians, librarians and city hall clerks suddenly find themselves expressing solidarity with hydro linemen and garbage men. Professors are organizing, doctors are taking collective bargaining, teachers are demanding the right to strike. "In a class society you have to grapple with your problems in a collective way," says Lynn Williams, the director for western and central Canada of the United Brotherhood of Carpenters. "If you drift along as an individual person you don't have much power." A union called ACTE plans to lead the businessmen in his day they intend to organize the employees of Canada's banks, trust companies and insurance companies.

Yet in his ranks are swelled by refugees from the middle class, the workingman's dream of the 1950s, this is a conglomerate of many industrial cities standard items such as a house



and a car have become luxuries, a summer cottage or private school for the kids are out of the question. Glass workers who have achieved sobriety discover their taste for the good life, that a mortgage and a \$30,000 A salary of \$11,500 a year size bay gadgets, it can't buy power. Says Lynn Williams: "People feel noise and noise that someone else has their hands on the levers." These hands are the pale and maneuvered hands of the rich.

Class depends on property. The men at the top in Canada are the directors of the largest companies, the men who sit on boards of such corporations as Canadian Pacific, Alcan, Power Corporation and the American controlled corporations such as Inco and Imperial Oil. They number fewer than 1,000, they are predominantly WASP, educated in private schools and from wealthy families. Upper-class status is passed down from father to son and the doors to real wealth are closed to all but the most aggressive self-made men and to the few bright young men of the middle class who are allowed to rise through the ranks. They are minorities. To them \$13,500 a year is loose change. Properly how rich they are we don't know. In fact we don't know much about them at all. One of the privileges of power is privacy. Privilege is supposed to be bad for business, and we've all been raised to believe that what's good for business is good for us.

We do know that this fairly compact run the Canadian economy. Some of its members shrink in and out of both Liberal and Conservative cabinets with alacrity. They are also beginning to understand that the goal that separates the ruling class from even the upper level of the middle class is so wide that few can hope to leap it. The rich have had their money for a while and they intend to keep it.

It's a curiosity of economic reasoning that in the poor get poorer, the rich get richer. Canadian society, it seems to me, is polarizing, sliding down to a confrontation between owner and tenant, boss and hired hand. The working class, which for decades has practiced cooperation and accommodation with business, is getting tougher. Rank-and-file workers are rejecting deals made by their leaders, strikes are a daily occurrence. "It's a young work force," says Lynn Williams.

There are not as many young, hungry pigs. It's only when you have enough money and power to peer across the gutter that you begin to appreciate what the real thing is. Canada has a strong socialist tradition. It has gone underground, but it's there, and it's not far below the surface. Scratch some of us back a generation and you'll find a laborer, a craftsman, a veteran of the Winnipeg Strike, a member of the Communist party. Pierre Trudeau made his reputation championing the striking workers during the Alcan strike in 1949.

It also seems to me that we in the middle class must decide which side we're going to be on. To opt for the working class requires a drastic shift in ideology, to opt for the upper crust requires none. I don't have much choice. All I own is a half of my old house. If you opt for the corporate side, good luck. I hope you have a rich time.

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